SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1831, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 63. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1883. $3.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 10

YEARS AGO.

BY J. E.

Near the banks of that lone river,
Where the water lilies grow,
Breathed the fairest flower that ever
Bloomed and faded, years ago.

How we met and loved and parted,
None on earth can ever know—
Nor how pure and gentle-hearted
Roamed the mourned one, years ago.

Like the stream with lilies laden,
Will life's future current flow,
Till in heaven I meet the maiden
Fondly cherished years ago.

Hearts that love like mine forget not;
They're the same in weal or woe;
And that star of memory sets not
In the grave of years ago.

Her Mother's Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "A BLACK VEIL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

"STRANGE!" remarked the lawyer. "One would think there was something in it that your friends wished you not to see."

"That is scarcely possible," Lord Cradoc said, smiling.

"I do not know that any news in the world now would either greatly depress or greatly please me."

"I have heard that there is some news of a startling kind," observed Mr. Rigby.

The Earl looked cheerfully indifferent.

"Have you?

"War, I suppose?

"Ah, what a sad thing it is that the nations of this earth cannot let each other rest in peace!"

"The news I speak of does not affect nations," said Mr. Rigby quietly.

"Indeed! I——

"Marcia, my dear, why are you looking at me in that strange way? You perplex me."

"The news concerns us, Thane," she said.

"Us?

"My dear, I was very near saying, 'Impossible!' but, if you affirm it——"

He appeared then to awake to the idea that something very remarkable had occurred.

His face changed rapidly; the thin white hands began to tremble.

"What is it?" he cried. "Rigby, Marcia, what is it?"

"We have some news for you, my dear," she said gently, kneeling down by his side. "It may be very good; you must judge of that when you hear it, and you shall hear it when you are calm."

"Why, Marcia, the tears are raining down your face!"

"Never mind my tears, dear," she said bravely.

"And you, Rigby—surely you have tears in your eyes?"

"I, your lordship?" stammered the old lawyer.

"Yes, you.

"You say you bring me good news, yet you both shed tears.

"Good news should produce smiles, not tears."

They were both silent, but Lady Marcia's face was radiant.

"Do you remember King David," she said—"how he cried by night and by day, 'Absalom, my son Absalom!'?

"Yet Heaven did not give his son back to his prayers."

"I remember," answered the Earl, trembling violently from head to foot. "Is it of them, my dear.

"Tell me slowly, quite slowly lest it prove too much for me."

"It is news of the vessel," she said.

"Most were drowned, but one or two were saved."

"One or two saved? Ah, Marcia tell me!

"My lads, my lads, oh, my brave, dear lads!" he cried.

"One was drowned, and one was saved. Alaric, dear Alaric, lies beneath the waves; but Bertie—Bertie was saved."

She then felt a tremor pass over the old man.

"Saved?

"My Bertie?

"You are sure, my dear—quite sure? If there should be any mistake now, it would be my death It would kill me; it would indeed!"

"There is no mistake," said Mr. Rigby. "I have seen him."

A vivid flush came to the worn face, an eager light into the dim eyes.

"Seen him? Your own eyes have looked on him?

"Oh, bring him to me!

"Let me see him too!"

And, while Mr. Rigby went to fetch Bertie, the Earl bowed his head on Lady Marcia's shoulder, and wept aloud.

* * * * * * *

"I hope," said Bertie Hyde, as the lawyer, with agitated face, stood at the carriage door, "that this most unexpected occurrence will not hurt my father."

"I hope not; I think not. Lady Marcia is with him.

"But you look very ill yourself, Lord Hyde."

"It is almost too much for me. Will you believe that, even while I was all but drowning, I saw the doors of the old house open to welcome me again?

"I did indeed."

"Think of your brave brother's words, 'Stand firm, Bertie!'" said Mr. Rigby cheerfully.

He felt that the young man's whole body trembled as he helped him to alight from the carriage.

"I am like a baby now; I shall be a man presently," returned the young lord

They entered the grand old hall, where hung the ancient trophies of the race, the banners that had been foremost on many a battle-field, the spears and lances, swords and suits of ancient armor, telling of many an heroic deep.

The groined roof, the stained-glass windows, the spoils from the hunting-field—how familiar they all were to him!

"'Home, sweet home,'" he repeated to himself; "'there is no place like home!'"

He placed strong restraint on himself from crying like a woman.

They passed through the great hall, one or two servants whom they met looking after them in amazement.

The silence of the house was unbroken, save by the ripple of song from the music-room and the occasional sound of a woman's laugh.

"This way," said Mr. Rigby. "Your father is here, Lord Hyde."

Then he opened the door, and they entered the room.

When Bertie saw the white head and tear-stained face, in one moment he was by his father's side; and, with a rapturous cry, the old Earl opened his arms and clasped his living son to his breast. There was silence, broken only by his low murmured words—

"What shall I say to you, my son—my son given back to me from the sea—the cruel, angry sea—my son, the light of my eyes, the joy of my heart?"

He kissed the pale young face with the tenderness of a woman; he caressed the young lord's hair as though he were a boy again.

He paused, faint with excitement and delight.

Then Lady Marcia cried—

"Spare him to me, Thane! Spare the boy to me!"

And, when Bertie was once fairly in aunt Marcia's embrace, it was long ere he emerged from it again.

Her greeting was as that of a loving mother.

"Bertie," she said, "you are like one back to us from the dead.

"Sit perfectly still for a few minutes, and let your father and me rejoice our hearts by looking at you.

"My dear boy, how thin you are, how pale.

"What is this scar? Oh, my Bertie, what is it?"

"Nothing but the scar of a wound I received as I was being drawn on board the Victor.

"There was a heavy sea on, and as they were raising me from the water a wave flung me against the side of the vessel. That was what caused my loss of reason," he explained.

Then the Earl wished to look at the wound; but Mr. Rigby suggested that they should not just at present talk to Lord Hyde of his escape from death, or on any other exciting topic.

He was struck by the pallor of the young lord's face.

He could not help thinking again and again to himself, How if he had only come home to die?

So for an hour they sat, saying little—at times quite silent, while at others the Earl talked to his son.

They were touched with pity for the old man, for he would talk to Bertie and caress him as though he were a child.

There was a strange, almost incredulous look on the Earl's face, an expression of awestricken wonder.

He would say half apologetically—

"He is still a child to me, my own little lad given back to me from the cruel sea."

Once, with an absent look into his son's face, "Where is Alaric?" he asked. "It seems so strange to see you here without him.

"You were always together, Alaric and you."

Then he seemed to remember, and gave vent to a long sigh.

The young lord was quite content to rest his head on his father's breast. Presently Lady Marcia asked—

"What shall we do with the girls?"

And there was such a puzzled expression on her face that Mr. Rigby smiled. That smile brought him back from the region of dreams.

"What shall we do with them?" repeated the young lord.

The Earl threw his arms around him.

"Let me feel that I have you safe before I tell you," he said.

"When we believed that our dear boys were both lost, we had to think of the estate, of the name and the future of one of the oldest houses in England.

"It was a sore puzzle to us; but it had to be faced, and to Mr. Rigby the credit is due of finding for us two of the most charming relatives in the world."

"That was very clever of you Mr. Rigby" said the young lord laughing.

"If I had not found somebody," remarked the lawyer, "Lord Cradoc would have broken his heart over the family name."

"I think my heart was broken," said the Earl gently; "but Heaven has sent one of my boys to heal it.

"Mr. Rigby discovered two distant cousins of mine, Bertie, one of whom is still living, the other dead.

"There was in each case an only daughter and it was resolved that we should from these two select the one best fitted to be my successor.

"We invited them both here; and, after studying them closely, we all three arrived at the same conclusion—that we loved one the best, but admired the other most. So, acting as I thought best for the interests of the house, I made Irene Ryeford my heiress and successor."

"Irene Ryeford?" questioned the young lord.

"The name is strange to me. You," he added, turning to the lawyer, "you told me——"

"Daphne Erlecote," interrupted Mr. Rigby, "was the young lady we met at the park gates.

"She is the other, the 'unsuccessful candidate,'" said Mr. Rigby.

"She is one of the dearest and loveliest girls in the world," cried the Earl; "I have never met one like her."

"I could have fancied," said Lord Hyde, "that she was a seraph standing at the gates to welcome me home."

"What shall we do with the girls," repeated Lady Marcia, "now that we have our boy back again?"

"We must make them both happy," said the Earl.

"Perhaps," remarked Lord Hyde, "they will not be over-delighted to see me."

"No, no, no!" cried Lady Marcia.

"Daphne has told me again and again that she would willingly have given her life, if such a thing could have been, for the Earl to have had his sons spared to him."

"Daphne said that!" exclaimed the young lord.

"What a noble, generous girl she must be!"

"She is indeed," said the Earl; and then, in justice to Irene, he added, "but not more so than Irene."

"It is almost like coming home to one's own sisters," said the young lord. "I wonder how they will like me?"

"There is small cause for doubt on that score," answered the Earl.

"Why, Daphne is in love with your portrait!"

"Yes," said Lady Marcia; "I have heard her say she cared more for your pictured face than for any living one."

"She said that when she thought I was dead, aunt Marcia?"

"Yes, my dear, of course she did," replied that lady gently.

Then the increasing pallor of the worn young face attracted the Earl's attention.

"You must lie down and rest, Bertie," he said; "you look far from well."

"I must sleep," observed Lord Hyde, as he staggered to the sofa.

"When the pain comes on, it seems to go straight from the wound to my brain, and I feel that, if I do not sleep, I shall die."

They watched him in silence while he lay upon the couch.

In less than a minute he was fast asleep, and the pallor of his face was ghastly to see.

"It is a bad sign," said Lady Marcia.

"We must have a physician, Thane, at once.

"There is something wrong with the wound."

They looked at him in silence, the same thought in the mind of each—that he had come home to die.

The Earl thrust the thought from him: but, looking at his son's face, he felt there was much to fear.

"How thin he is!

"How much he has suffered!" said Lady Marcia.

"He will want plenty of care," returned Mr. Rigby, to whom she spoke.

"He shall have it," she said.

"He fell asleep just in the same way in my office," Mr. Rigby remarked; "and he

told me that, when the pain came, it brought this overpowering sensation of weariness with it; and when he sleeps he dreams always of the shipwreck and his brother."

"That will wear away," said Lady Marcia "when he has been at home some time, and has had cheerful society.

"It would be better perhaps for you to leave me with him. He will be less agitated when he awakes."

"You are right," agreed the Earl.

"Come with me, Rigby. Before I tell them all, I must go out for a few minutes into the fresh air; my brain is perfectly bewildered.

"You do not think, Rigby," he added, with sudden wistful pathos—"you do not think that he will die?"

"I hope that Heaven, having brought him back to you, will spare him to you," said the lawyer earnestly; "but he will want great care."

They went away, leaving Lady Marcia alone with him.

He was in a deep, quiet sleep.

She bethought herself of something that would be good for him; and, as he did not seem likely to awake, she went away to fetch it, little dreaming who would enter the room in her absence.

CHAPTER XX.

THE library windows opened upon the terrace, and Daphne, as she returned from her walk, looked in.

She usually did so; and, if the Earl was there she went to him, and told him of all she had seen during her walk.

He liked to listen as she chatted about the birds and the flowers; she knew the haunts of the kingfisher and the heron, and often entertained him for hours together with anecdotes of the shy beautiful birds.

Looking in carelessly as she passed by this morning, she saw on the couch a figure that she believed to be the Earl's. The face was turned from her; one arm was thrown carelessly over the head.

"He is not well," she said to herself—for Lord Cradoc was not accustomed to sleep in the daytime.

She opened the door very quietly, lest she should awake him; but he did not move or stir.

He must be ill, to sleep so soundly; and she hesitated to approach him.

She could not see his face—the sleeve of his coat covered it; but surely—and Daphne's heart bounded with fear—that was dark hair lying on the velvet pillow—a head covered with clustering dark hair, and not the Earl's white head?

The sleeper turned with a deep moan, and his arm fell by his side.

Daphne's heart almost stood still with fear.

She was rooted to the ground; utter a sound she could not.

She was powerless with great dread.

Surely the face in the picture was lying there, the self-same—the ideal forehead, the beautiful brow, the proud tender mouth—but white and thin, more like the face of a living man, with an angry scar on the white temple, and very deeply lined with pain.

She would have cried out but that a terrible fear restrained her.

Who was it?

She was brave enough by nature; but she turned to fly.

Just outside the door she met Lady Marcia, and she flung herself pale, faint, and trembling into her arms.

"Oh, Lady Marcia," she cried, "who is that lying on the couch in the library? I am frightened to death;"—and she clung convulsively to the protecting arms.

Lady Marcia covered the beautiful face with kisses.

"My darling," she cried, "we are so happy—we are so unutterably, so entirely happy!

"How can I tell you?"

"But who is it, Lady Marcia?"

"My dear it is Bertie Hyde, come back to us from the dead."

"Bertie Hyde!" she repeated, the words seeming to daze her.

"Bertie Hyde!"

She withdrew herself from the clasp of Lady Marcia's arms, and looked at her.

"Bertie Hyde, Lord Cradoc's son! How can that be, when he was drowned at sea?"

"He was not drowned, Daphne," said Lady Marcia.

"Thanks be to Heaven, he was saved almost by a miracle, and we trust will soon be well!"

"Bertie Hyde living!

"Oh, Lady Marcia, how glad, how thankful I am!

"How happy the Earl must be! I am so glad!"

Then another thought came to her, but it did not sadden her face.

"You will not want us now, Lady Marcia," she said; "we shall have to run away."

"You shall never leave me again, Daphne if I can help it," said Lady Marcia, kissing the sweet face.

"Come with me, dear, and see him. How often we have gazed at the face in the picture, little dreaming that we should ever see it in life!"

She caught Daphne's hand in hers; but the young girl drew back shyly. Her passionate love of the picture was uppermost in her mind.

"Oh, no, Lady Marcia; I do not like to go!" she said.

"But you must, my dear. He will not wake.

"He is ill, Daphne.

"Come with me."

She could not refuse any longer, and therefore went with Lady Marcia into the library.

"How ill he looks, Lady Marcia!" remarked Daphne, as they stood together watching him.

"We must take care of him," said Lady Marcia.

"Mr. Rigby seems nervous about him; but I think he will grow strong. Do you see this cruel wound, Daphne?"—and they bent over the sleeper.

Suddenly his blue eyes opened.

"Daphne!" he cried, his eyes shining brightly.

"Daphne!"—and with sudden impulse he drew the beautiful face down to his and kissed it, then started up, confused at his own audacity.

Daphne blushed, and looked appealingly at Lady Marcia.

"Never mind," she said laughingly. "It is his welcome home."

"Forgive me Daphne," he begged. "I have confessed that I could have thought you a seraph when I saw you at the park gates; and I think I must plead that, when, half awake, I saw the self-same beautiful face bending over me, I was scarcely responsible for my actions. I hope you are not angry, Daphne?"

"Angry? No!" cried Lady Marcia.

"She will give you a welcome herself. You are her kinsman, restored to us from the depths of the sea;" and she looked at Daphne in a way which the girl rightly interpreted—he must not be distressed or agitated.

Daphne bent her head and touched his forehead with her lips.

He had fallen back on the couch, as though exhausted.

"Thank you," he said, with a faint smile; "that is a charming welcome home, Daphne. Your face, by-the-way, is strangely like some other that I know."

"It is like Alaric," declared Lady Marcia.

"You must see the resemblance; that is one reason why we all love Daphne so dearly."

"You are right, aunt Marcia," he said gently, after he had looked at her earnestly; "she has Alaric's face.

"How strange!

"You are not a near relative are you, Daphne?"

"My mother, Annabel Hyde, was a second cousin of Lord Cradoc's father. It is from her that I have the Cradoc face."

"I could almost think it was Alaric when you smile," he said—"I could indeed;" and he laid his hand gently on the fair white brow—Daphne did not shrink from the touch.

"This is Alaric's brow, and your eyes are like his—deeply blue, with a world of pathos in their clear depths. I like to look into your eyes.

"How clear and bright they are! Are you sorry that I have come back, Daphne?" he asked suddenly.

"Sorry!" she cried; and in the fulness of her heart she knelt down by his side and took his thin white hands in hers. "Sorry, Lord Hyde?

"How cruel of you even to think such a thing possible!

"I am far happier than ever I was about anything in my whole life. How could I be sorry?

"I love your father, and his happiness is dearer to me than anything else. I have often said, and truly, that I would give my life, if it were possible, for him to have his sons back with him."

"Heaven bless you, Daphne! How sweet it is to hear such words! How Alaric would have loved you!"

"And so will you," she said soothingly, seeing how the mention of his brother's name saddened him, and not thinking of her words.

"I am sure I shall!" he cried, with sudden fervor.

"How pleasant it must be to have sisters! You must be a sister to me Daphne—will you?"

"I am sure she will," replied Lady Marcia, speaking for her.

"Let her answer for herself, aunt Marcia, or perhaps she will repent."

"I do answer for myself," said Daphne. "I will be as a sister to you, and I will do all in my power to amuse, and cheer you," she added.

"We shall have quite another Lord Hyde in a short time—one with color in his face, and not with such thin transparent hands."

"Aunt Marcia," he put in, with a loving smile, "is she to call me 'Lord Hyde'?"

"I think not, Bertie," was the answer, given with one of Lady Marcia's happiest looks, "since you are to be brother and sister."

"So, Daphne, they did not elect you as Countess?" Lord Hyde remarked, after a pause.

"No," she replied, with a little happy laugh; "they did not indeed. They found me wanting in the necessary qualifications, while Irene was abundantly endowed with them."

"Without having seen Irene, I cannot help disagreeing with them.

"How could aunt Marcia have made such a mistake?

"I should have voted for you, Daphne."

"I do not think you would if you knew better. I am in no way qualified for a Countess."

"Why, Bertie," cried Marcia, as he laughed, "you look better already! I think Daphne must be your doctor."

"I will, with pleasure," she said.

"You will be better soon, Lord Hyde, I am sure, for spring is the loveliest time in the year.

"The violets are out and the banks of the river are carpeted with primroses."

"Go on, Daphne; tell me about the river, for Alaric and I loved it."

"It is beautiful to-day," she continued. "It is very full, running swiftly between its banks.

"If you could walk as far as the river to-day, I am sure it would do you good."

"Will you accompany me?" he asked.

"Certainly."

Daphne was very ready to promise him anything just then. "I will go anywhere you wish.

"I believe that I have found out every lovely nook in the grounds. Do you know the Herons' Pool?"

"That was Alaric's favorite spot," he remarked.

"Do you go there often, Daphne?"

"Almost every day," she replied.

"At first the herons were alarmed at the sight of me; but now they will let me feed them."

"Is there still something on the bank like a half-ruined wigwam?" he asked.

"Yes.

"I have often wondered what it was," she answered.

"That was our favorite play-place—Alaric's and mine.

"When Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday were 'played out,' we became Indian chiefs, and built a wigwam. Many a 'pipe of peace' we smoked there."

"I thought it had been something of the kind," said Daphne. "It is a favorite spot of mine, and I shall like it better than ever now."

While they were talking thus happily and brightly, the Earl was imparting the all-important news to his friends.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE Earl walked up and down the terrace for a short time with Mr. Rigby. He began to recover from the strain on his nerves, from the great surprise. For the first time for many months, a tinge of color came to his face.

The air is wonderful this morning," he said to the lawyer."

"I have never felt it so invigorating as now."

"Ah, that is easily accounted for, Lord Cradoc!

"Such wonderful news would make any air bracing."

"You do not think he will die?"—and the Earl looked anxiously at Mr. Rigby. "He appears to be very ill; but surely Heaven will spare him to us?"

"There is no knowing what Lady Marcia's good nursing may not do. Look on the bright side, Lord Cradoc; hope for the best."

"It will be an anxious time," for Irene," said the Earl.

"She will bear it perfectly, I know; and doubtless Arran will be content. Still it will be a blow to her, and to Lady Ryeford a terrible one."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Rigby, "she will feel it most.

"The girls are young and generous; but Lady Ryeford has a keen eye to the main chance—no one more so.

"After all," he continued, "no harm has been done.

"The three ladies have had a delightful visit, and will leave here much better off, in any case, than they came."

"I have already planned," said the Earl, "that Irene shall have the Manor House at West Lynn—that is, if Bertie consents—and I know he will—and two thousand per annum goes with it.

"In my opinion she will like that even better than Poole, and Arran too. He is a fine fellow—Arran.

"Daphne I always intended to portion off, for I love her with all my heart. But say nothing of these intentions of mine. The disclosure will indeed be a true test of character.

"Irene will pass through the ordeal splendidly, I am sure."

"There is little doubt of that," returned the lawyer.

"But, in my opinion, Lady Ryeford will be more difficult to manage."

"We will go to the music-room and tell them," said the Earl, with a very bright face.

"It is only right that they should hear the news from me—and it will very soon spread.

"We will go at once."

"You are sure that you feel equal to it, Lord Cradoc?" asked Mr. Rigby.

"Yes; with every breath I draw I feel better," he replied. "I feel new life, renewed vigor."

He led the way to the music-room. Irene was still at the piano, Arran leaning on the back of her chair; Lady Ryeford was knitting something pretty in fleecy wool, the bright crimson hue of which contrasted well with her white hands.

Irene left off playing when she saw the Earl.

His face struck her as bearing a very unusual expression.

Lady Ryeford looked up with a pleasant smile—she always made a point of giving the Earl a smiling greeting whenever she saw him.

"I did not know you were here," said Arran to Mr. Rigby, thinking how pleasant a game of billiards would have been.

"I came over on business. I have been here more than half an hour."

"Very important business," said the calm voice of Lady Ryeford, "if one may judge by Mr. Rigby's face."

In one moment she had guessed something approaching the truth.

She thought Mr. Rigby had read the paragraph in the *Times*, and had come to discuss it with the Earl.

Still it might not be true; or, if any one had been saved, it need not of necessity be Lord Cradoc's son.

Yet on the face of the Earl and of the lawyer there was an ominous expression. She resolved to know the worst at once.

"I think," she said suavely, repressing her torturing anxiety, "that most gentlemen like the sound of that word 'business.'"

"Such business as I have come on to-day, Lady Ryeford," Mr. Rigby replied, "they may well like."

"Indeed!" she said.

"It is business which concerns me closely, and after me, you—all of you," remarked the Earl.

Her heart beat fast; the ghastly pallor of her face was perceptible even through her rouge.

She foresaw the downfall of all the glorious hopes and plans that had of late made her life so bright.

The Earl sat down and looked from one face to another.

Irene's was full of tender sympathy, Arran's of warm interest.

"I have had good news to-day," he said. "I have come to tell it to you, knowing that you will sympathize with me feeling sure that you will rejoice in my joy.

"This house only yesterday was a house of mourning; now it is a house full of rejoicing."

"It is true then," thought Lady Ryeford, "quite true;" and she stood listening like one stricken dumb. Had they noticed the terrible expression of her face, they would have been warned.

"That has happened which none of us dreamed of," continued the Earl.

"One of the sons whom I have so long mourned as dead has been given back to me alive."

The next moment he found Irene standing beside him, her arms round his neck, her face wet with happy tears.

"We are so glad, so happy, dear Lord Cradoc."

"You are really pleased, my dear?"

"I thank Heaven for you," she said—"you who have been so kind, so generous to us. We rejoice in your happiness."

"But think how you will lose by it," said the Earl wistfully.

"I am delighted to do so," she responded brightly, "seeing how you gain."

Then Arran Darleigh came forward and took the Earl's trembling hands in his.

"My dear Lord Cradoc," he said, "this is the happiest day of my life. I am happy and pleased for your sake; but I am doubly so for my own.

"It will now be for me to offer my wife fortune and honors."

Lady Ryeford stood dumb with horror, despair in her heart and on her face.

"I declare," continued Arran, "the news has made me one of the happiest men in the world.

"I could not say much, because I grieved so for your loss of both sons; but the arrangement as to the succession was most distasteful to me. The very thought of it gave me the idea of having a millstone round my neck."

Bitter, terrible words came from the white compressed lips of Lady Ryeford, but no one heard them.

"You ease my heart of a great load," said the Earl.

"I was a little apprehensive."

"I do not believe it," laughed Irene. "You know us better, Lord Cradoc. You knew we must rejoice in your good fortune; it could not have been otherwise."

"You have not congratulated me, Lady Ryeford," said the Earl.

"I congratulate your lordship," she said; but the congratulation sounded like a curse.

She could not banish the despair from her eyes, the malign, evil look from her face, so ghastly white beneath the rouge.

"But, Lord Cradoc," cried Irene, "you have not told us which it is—which of your boys was saved, and how!"

"It is Bertie," he replied—"not the elder, but Bertie.

"But he seems very ill and weak, poor fellow."

There was a terrible gleam in the eyes of Lady Ryeford.

Ill and weak!

Then he might die, after all; and the desire of her heart was that he might die soon.

"We must all help to nurse him," put in Arran, in his cheery voice. "Heaven bless him!

"My wife will now be my very own."

"Fool!" said the angry woman to herself.

"The boy has robbed my daughter of a fortune!"

"Do let us see him, Lord Cradoc," begged Irene, with a smile.

"He is ill," said Mr. Rigby. "It will not do to excite him."

"Is he very ill?" asked Irene.

"He is suffering from the effects of a wound," replied the Earl—"a wound that has left a terrible scar on his temple."

No one saw the lurid light that blazed in the eyes of the cold handsome woman—terrible now in their anger as they had never been before.

"I cannot help feeling a little anxious about him," said the Earl.

"His brother's death preys much upon his mind."

"He will get over it," declared Arran blithely.

"With cheerful society he will soon be well.

"He must have gone through enough to prostrate a stronger man.

"Be of good cheer, Lord Cradoc; I trust all will be well."

"Are you sure that he is your son, Lord

Cradoc?" asked Lady Ryeford quickly. "There are so many impostures."

"There is none here, my dear lady, thank Heaven!

"It is not as though my son had been long absent, and there had been time to forget him.

"It is not so very many months since he left, although it seems terribly long to me. He is not changed at all, except that he looks very ill, whereas, when he left home, he was the picture of health and strength. How can I be sufficiently thankful to have him back again?

"Lady Ryeford, do you not sympathize with me?"

She made an effort to shake off the paralysis that seemed fast overtaking her.

"I think you are very fortunate, Lord Cradoc," she said in a cold voice. She could never forget that his gain was her loss, her terrible loss.

"I little dreamed that this morning was the precursor of such a bright and happy day," observed Irene.

And in his heart Lord Cradoc felt that he loved her more than ever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Father and Son.

BY HENRY FRITH.

THE cell was low, and damp, and forbidding.

Only a dim, deadened light stole in through the grating of the door, just sufficient to reveal the scantiness of the rugged furniture, and throw a forbidding shadow over the features of the doomed occupant.

He sat on a low bench, resting his temples on his palms, his head drooping between his knees.

His hair was much matted and tumbled, and bore striking evidence of a night of unrest.

Now and then his thick lips moved, as if they were trying to syllable words long forgotten.

His dull eye rolled restlessly over the little circuit of floor within its range, bleared, red, and bloodshot.

To fairly describe him, would be but to describe a monster.

His countenance wore no expression so deeply stamped on its every lineament, as that of brutality.

As a darkening shadow occasionally threw itself down upon the floor, diminishing what little light was yet left him, he half lifted his head, turning his face toward the door.

Presently the jailer himself passed. The criminal raised his form to its fullest extent on the seat.

"Has he come yet?" he asked, spasmodically, while his eyes glowed with an unearthly lustre.

The jailer simply shook his head.

The man relapsed again into his previous state of gloom and sullenness.

"Oh, God!

"This strange feeling!

"Oh, my boy! my boy!"

These bitter ejaculations had been out of his mouth but a few minutes when a key rattled in the lock.

He looked up suddenly, and the door opened.

"Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, throwing up his manacled hands, the chains clinking loudly in his ears.

"You are here!

"My boy! oh, my boy!"

"My father!

"Do you love me yet?"

They embraced.

The son's head lay on the neck of the guilty father, as quietly as if it were reposing on the white bosom of innocence.

Two others stood near, to witness this last agonizing interview.

They uttered not a word through it all.

Their lips were dumb.

For several minutes not a syllable was spoken.

The heavy breathing—half sobbing—of the father could be heard distinctly, as his capacious chest pressed convulsively against that of his stripling son.

The deep and long sighs of the latter almost drew tears of compassion from the eyes that witnessed his extreme agony.

"Father," at last he said, in a very faint and child-like voice, his arms still wound tightly about the neck of his parent, "dear father!"

He hesitated.

And finally burst into tears.

The condemned parent clung to him yet more closely.

"Only say that I am innocent!" broke forth the boy.

"You are to die.

"Do not die without taking this great load off my shoulders!"

Then the monster took his offspring by each shoulder, and pushed him slowly and deliberately back from him, as if he were a mere plaything, gazing stolidly into his face.

The tears were rolling down his cheeks, and his whole expression was that of infantile supplication.

"No—no, my boy," he said, in a whisper, that sounded like the hiss of a reptile in that gloomy cell, "you are innocent! Tell the world that you are!

"They will believe you!

"Tell them you are not guilty!"

"Shall I—may I tell them, father, that you say I am innocent?

"May I say this to them, and then keep my name clear from stain and taint as long as I live?"

"God forbid that you should do a murder!" exclaimed the father, the victim of contending emotions.

"If you have done this, at least I suffer! Why do you complain, then?

"No, my boy"—and he patted his child's delicate neck with his great, brawny hand—"no, my boy, they will never believe that you did this!

"How can they?

"Who tells them that you did?"

"But all will not believe just as I tell them.

"Some will think that I go through life with a lie on my lips; and that I sent you to your grave.

"They will point at me so cruelly, when I go through the streets.

"They will say, 'there goes the guilty one himself!

"'There goes the double murderer.

"'He killed others with his hand, and then swore away the life of his own dear father!'

"Oh, my father! can I bear this, and live?

"Can I carry such a fearful burden on my shoulders all through life?

"No—no; father! dear father!

Only free me from it all now.

"I shall never see you again in this world—never!

"Only let me recall this last meeting with pleasure!"

"Well, and what would you have me do, then?" deliberately questioned the parent, perceptibly giving way to his feelings.

"Tell me what you would have me do, my boy!

"You shouldn't come here at such a time at this to heap curses on my head——"

"Oh, I don't I don't!"

"You must remember that I'm the one that's to suffer; and I've just a day left me to live!

"That's all!

"Now, what do you want me to do?"

"Justice to me," sobbed the son.

"How, then?"

"Only say that I am not guilty of this crime!"

"My son! my dear boy!" exclaimed the hardened father, hugging his offspring passionately to his breast, "you don't know how deep is my love for you!

"Oh, no—no, my dear boy!

"I do not believe you did this dreadful murder!

"I can't believe it—one word of it all!" Another pressure in his arms.

"Tell the world, my son, that your father never believed it!

"They will be satisfied then!"

"But still the shame and the shadow of this great guilt will hang over me," returned the stricken boy.

"People will say that either you or I did the deed.

"You deny that you did it, and only say that you do not believe that I did it. That is not enough.

"No—no, they will still fasten it upon me!

"I cannot live under it!

"I shall not want to!

"Only tell me, father, that I did not do this great crime!

"That is all!"

"Then I should confess that I knew who did do it!

"Can I say as much as that, for any one?"

"But do you not know, father?"

No answer.

The old expression of brutality settled suddenly over his face.

"Will you not say, father, that I am innocent?"

"I believe you are, my son."

"Oh, father! father!"

"But is not that enough, in God's name?

"My boy, you ask very hard things of me.

"You are unreasonable."

"Then this load will never be lifted from me!

"Oh, that I could find some one, who would be willing to share it with me! It is too much—too much!" and he wept bitterly on the neck of his cruel and unfeeling father.

"My dear boy," said the father, his feelings seeming to assert their control momentarily again, "oh, do not take on this way!

"I don't believe you are guilty!

"Nobody believes it!

"Isn't that quite enough?

"Isn't it all I can say?

"Oh, stop these tears!

"My boy—my dear boy, I am going to die only for you.

"Never forget the father that loved you!

"Never be ashamed to speak of him: and tell every one that he died innocent!

"My dearest boy!"—and he pressed him to his bosom so passionately and long, that it seemed as if he would never consent to loose his embrace again.

This melting scene lasted for some time.

It drew to a close at length, however.

The boy retired through the door, weeping and sobbing convulsively, his face covered with his hands.

"I shall never see him again! never again!" were the words on his lips, as he went out.

"And he will not say that I am clear of guilt!"

The criminal finally looked up from the floor.

"Come back! my son—my boy!

"Bring him back to me once more!" cried he, beckoning fiercely for his child.

He was carried back.

The father embraced him again, and yet again.

The son waited for the syllables—the few syllables that should establish his innocence in the judgment of the world. His soul was rent with agony.

But they came not.

The father raved like a mad man, swearing that his boy was his idol—his darling—his all.

But nothing of his innocence.

Only he believed him innocent.

And the second, and even the third time he was taken away.

His father continued to beg that he be brought back again.

And finally he was gone for ever!

The one went out into the world, with the fearful task before him of living down a monstrous lie.

And that lie begotten of the selfishness and cowardice of his father.

The other went to his doom like a brute—cold, callous, and unforgiving.

One still lives.

A poor, pale boy, bowed with the weight of his great griefs.

The other has left behind him a memory that can conjure horrors at any moment far direr than any that ever brooded in the breasts of demons and fiends incarnate.

Curses rest on the grave of the father; but have pity, only tenderest pity, on the young heart that will never know rest again save in Heaven!

NICKNAMES OF AMERICAN CITIES.—Toledo—Corn city.
Keokuk—Gate city.
Quincy—Gem city.
Lafayette—Star city.
Louisville—Falls city.
Hannibal—Bluff city.
Chicago—Garden city—City of Sin.
St. Louis—Mound city—Future Great.
Pittsburg—Smoky city.
Cleveland—Forest city.
Alexandria—Delta city.
Cincinnati—Queen city—Porkopolis.
Boston—Modern Athens—The Hub.
New York—Gotham.
Nashville—City of Rocks.
Philadelphia—Quaker city.
Indianapolis—Railroad city.
Detroit—City of the Straits.
Denver—City of the Plains.
New Orleans—Crescent city.
Brooklyn—City or Churches.
Baltimore—Monumental city—City of Mobs.
Washington—City of Magnificent Distances.
Milwaukee—Cream city—City of Beer and Bricks.
New Haven—City of Elms.
Racine, Wis.—Bell city.
San Francisco—'Frisco.
Duluth—Zenith city.
Little Rock—City of Roses.
Mobile—Shell city.
Kansas—Mushroomopolis.
St. Paul—Gem city.
Lowell—City of Spindles.
Minneapolis—City of Flour and Sawdust.
Holyoke, Mass.—Paper city.
North Adams, Mass.—The Tunnel city.
Peoria, Ill.—Whiskytown.
Alton, Ill.—Tasselburgh.
Pekin, Ill.—Celestial city.
Madison, Wis.—Lake city.
Rochester, N. Y.—Flower city.

THE CAUSES OF BLUSHING.—The physiology of blushing has long presented a difficult problem to solve. Many unsatisfactory explanations have been given of the causes of that interesting phenomenon. The *British Medical Journal* lately received an inquiry as to the measures to be taken for the cure of a chronic tendency to blush and one of its correspondents takes up the matter in a very practical way. Among other causes of blushing he gives prominence "to the wearing of too thick underclothing and especially of too thick socks." He adds that long-sleeved woolen sacks or jerseys are often a cause of blushing, and, in fact, warm clothing in general. He does not fail to remark that the blusher must choose in this matter between the risk of rheumatism and the annoyance of blushing. As collateral evidence in support of his views he says: "An aunt of mine had habitually a red nose from this cause alone which disappeared when she took to thinner stockings."

Regarding the matter from a social standpoint, the writer says: "The best plan for an habitual blusher is to laugh and be very gushing, as, for instance, on meeting an acquaintance in the street, when he colors up, and he will then feel more at his ease than if he looks sheepish and very reserved."

LITTLE Tommy was entertaining one of his sister's callers until she appeared.

"Don't you come to see my sister?" he inquired.

"Yes, Tommy, that's what I come for."

"You like her a good deal, don't you?"

"Of course, I admire her very much. Don't you think she is nice?"

"Well, reckon I have to, 'cause she's my sister; but she thumps me pretty tough sometimes. But say, let's see you open your mouth once. Now shut it real tight till I count ten. There, I knowed you could do it."

"Why, Tommy, who said I couldn't?"

"Oh! nobody much, but sister."

"What did she say?"

"Well, she said you hadn't sense enough to keep your mouth shut, and I bet her two big oranges you had, and you have, an't you. And you'll make her duff up the oranges, won't you?"

The young man didn't wait to see whether she would "duff up" or not.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE LATEST.—A hat flirtation is the latest idiocy among the girls. There is no way that a man can wear a hat that doesn't mean something, and the only way you're safe is to go bareheaded.

SLAG WASTE.—The utilization of slag waste is fast assuming considerable economical importance. The manufacture of bricks from granulated blast-furnace slags will soon be begun in Germany. The slags are run into water, and the grit thus obtained is mixed up with lime, concrete or plaster of Paris, and formed into bricks, which are dried for a month.

ANTS AS FOOD.—In Central Africa white ants are boiled in salted water and eaten as a relish to the native porridge. They often rise in such vast showers or clouds that the view is obscured, the surface of lakes covered and high ridges of them washed ashore. It is then that they are swept up by the natives and made into bread or cakes. At Cape Palmas, Africa, enormous Goliah beetles are eaten by the natives, who say that they are very fat and sweet.

IN AN EARTHQUAKE.—There were some grotesque incidents connected with the tragedy at Ischia. An actor escaped and reached Naples in the costume of Pulcinello. Some slightly-clad ladies had caught up theatrical robes for warmth. A priest was carried to the ambulance covered with a woman's gown. One woman who was dug out would not leave the place because her little dog was still there. Another held fast a cage with a canary. Another, when the soldiers had made a hole large enough to get her through held out her hands, saying, "Take this hen first."

ROYAL MEALS.—The East Indian Annamite Tudne just deceased was a curiosity among Emperors. The chief institution of his palace was his kitchen. He was an old man, and only allowed his royal face to be seen by mandarins of high rank. His principal meal consisted of never fewer than twenty courses, among which was his favorite delicacy of roast monkey. He frequently received a fatted ape from his subjects as a present, and nothing was more acceptable. Among other strange food served up at his table were the humps of camels, the fins of sharks, varieties of snails, and a species of red worms. The latter are eaten alive.

BAREFOOTED CLARES.—Attention has been called anew in Paris to the order of the Barefooted Clares. There are eighteen of these nuns, and fourteen are under twenty-two years of age. They go barefoot on the cold stone flooring; they never warm themselves at a fire, even the kitchen fire being placed beyond their access; they eat meat only on Christmas Day, they sleep on a narrow board, they must spend ten hours every day upon their knees, and they are only allowed to speak to one another on rare occasions. The abbess, through a grating assured a caller that more than one of her nuns, through cultivation of this grace of silence, had actually lost the power of forming a sentence.

WISE DOG.—Jack is a coach-dog that found his master by telephone. In some way Jack got lost, and fortunately was found by one of his master's friend's who went to his office and asked by telephone if the man had lost his dog. "Yes, where is he?" was the reply. "He is here. Suppose you call him through the telephone." The dog's ear was placed over the ear-piece and his master said: "Jack, Jack—how are you, Jack?" Jack instantly recognized the voice and began to yelp. He licked the telephone fondly, seeming to think that his master was inside the machine. At the other end of the line the gentleman recognized the familiar bark, and shortly afterward reached his friend's office to claim his property.

EELS.—The greatest eel-pond in America is on the farm of James N. Wells, in the town of Riverhead, Massachusetts. It covers five acres, and is so full of eels that they can be raked out with a garden rake. Two years ago Mr. Wells put 2000 dozens of eels into the pond, intending to have them undisturbed for five years. These have increased to millions. They are fed regularly every third day on "horse feet," a peculiar shell-fish. The eels know when they are to be fed, and the stroke of Mr. Wells' whip against his wagon calls thousands of them up to dinner, although any one else may pound away all day without any effect. One of these shell fish, fastened to a strong cord and thrown into the water, may be drawn out in a few minutes with hundreds of eels fastened to it.

LOCUSTS AND GRASSHOPPERS.—There are few years in which locusts or grasshoppers do not make their appearance in the southern part of Russia. One first observes in the horizon a black cloud, agitated by a peculiar movement. Then it appears directly above you, and the rain of the large and heavy insects is so violent that the best thing you can do is to take to your heels. The peasantry believe that these pests are sent by God as the messenger of His wrath, and they are therefore, too much inclined to bow down before the scourge, and to let what they believe to be the justice of God pass by. In some districts they simply unite in prayer; and the images of saints are placed in the path of the locusts, just as was done recently in St. Petersburg when the holy statues were placed in front of the great conflagration. But this year the infliction is so terrible that the peasantry have taken reasonable measures to check it. The insects are crushed, burned, trodden upon systematically by trained horses, and great ditches are dug in which the enemy is heaped up.

THE SUNBEAM.

BY C. J.

I loved her when I saw her first,
'Twas in the days of June,
The roses then were all in bloom
And all the birds in tune.
She, thinking that she was alone,
Let fall her braids of hair,
And stood with one white arm upraised,
To grasp a tree-bloom fair.
Then with a start towards me turned,
Whilst blushes dyed her face,
A vision sweet, a vision pure,
A vision full of grace!

I saw her in her father's house,
Its blessing and its light,
For there could be no clouds nor gloom,
Where shone that sunbeam bright.
And day by day still more and more
I learned her worth to prize,
Until my last sweet crowning bliss
I read in her dark eyes.
She is the sunbeam in my home,
The darling of my heart:
Till angels call her to the skies,
We twain no more shall part.

UPTON COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

MORE than an hour flitted by as she thus stood motionless, for she had at last wrought herself into such an agony of fear that she dared not stir hand or foot.

No sound of human life had reached her since the time Miss Durrant's door had closed, shutting her out into the lonely corridor.

She felt as if, all earthly aid withdrawn, she was approaching some awful crisis in her life.

Her blood ran cold as she remembered her last terrible night-vision and wondered whether she should now be called upon to endure the same again.

Suddenly, as she thus mused, there came a low tap at her door.

For very fright she could not answer, for might it not herald the entrance of those to whom neither bolt nor bar would be a hindrance?

Again it came, and still held her peace.

Guests such as those she feared must never be asked in.

Then, as with shrinking ears she listened for it the third and fatal time, she heard instead, to her unspeakable relief, the familiar voice of Mrs. Cator.

"Miss Margaret, could I speak with you?" it said.

She sprang to the door and opened it.

On whatever subject Mrs. Cator desired speech with her it was better than being alone, she thought.

But as they stood face to face she blenched and grew faint.

She might have some news about the arrival, or rather non-arrival, of her husband.

It was nothing terrible however—nothing save that even grave, prosaic Mrs. Cator had found her anxiety for her husband, together with the awful sounds of that tempestuous night, too much for her composure, and had been unable to resist the craving they had awakened for human society and sympathy.

"I saw the light under your door, miss, so I knew you could not be in bed, and I thought you would excuse my speaking to you for a minute.

"Anne has gone to bed, and it's so lonesome sitting down there by myself that I couldn't bear it any longer."

"Excuse you?" answered Margaret—

"If you did but know how thankful I am to see you!

"I can't go to bed till your husband comes safely home.

"And, oh, Mrs. Cator, there are noises enough in this house to-night to frighten any one to death!"

Mrs. Cator closed the door with careful haste.

"Never mind the noises, Miss Margaret: they won't kill you," she answered soothingly.

"If so be you like it, I'll stay with you till they came.

"Don't you frighten yourself like that, and—why, how cold you are!

"You ought to have gone to bed straight off when you came upstairs.

"It's just a chance that you won't be ill in the morning.

"I don't want to have you laid up on my hands, with the mistress as queer as she is just now too.

"Here, let me put something warm on you!"

And, half-scolding, half-pitying, she took off the girl's dress, wrapped her in a thick warm dressing-gown, and began to pull down and brush the waving, tangled masses of her beautiful hair, an operation in which she greatly delighted.

Soon however she paused, brush in hand, to say—

"If you don't mind, we shall be a deal better off in my little room down-stairs. There's a good fire there, and I shall be certain to hear the bell.

The wind makes such a racket here that I might miss it, and Cator's an awful one if he's kept waiting.

Not but that I should be glad enough to take any scolding if I could but see him back to give it," ended the good woman, with a sigh.

Accordingly the two went down a little side-staircase to Mrs. Cator's sitting-room, shading their lights carefully as they did so lest they should be extinguished by the draughts of wind, and starting at the sounds that encircled them.

"I never knew anything like this place on windy nights," admitted Mrs. Cator, inconsistently enough, as she gained her own particular domicile.

"It's enough to drive any one crazy, what with the noises and the draughts."

Into her snug little sitting-room however these latter could find no entrance, and the sound of the wind was not so apparent as upstairs.

The fire was very cheerful, and for awhile Margaret's anxieties gave way somewhat before its bright influence.

Mrs. Cator's had seemingly taken flight altogether as she resumed her kindly task of brushing Margaret's hair.

It fell in curling waves of golden brown down to her very knees.

The old servant took it up caressingly and held it in the light, praising its golden gleam and quantity and fineness.

"You've got beautiful hair, Miss Margaret surely; so thick and fine, and such lovely color!

"Ah, some one will be rarely proud of it some day—that I don't doubt!"

Margaret gave a low cry of pain.

She had been suffering so much all the evening, and the deadly heart-sickness which seized her at the thought Mrs. Cator's words suggested was too great to be borne in silence.

"Don't, Mrs. Cator!" she said, and stopped short.

Mrs. Cator imagined she had hurt her in pulling the knots out of her hair.

"I beg your pardon.

"I didn't know I was hurting you. Is that better?"

But Margaret could not answer.

The vivid picture of what might have been which that speech had conjured up, contrasted with the desolation which actually existed, had been too much for her sorely-tried composure.

She was bathed in a flood of uncontrollable, silent tears.

Mrs. Cator saw there was something more amiss than she had at first suspected.

"Never mind, Miss Margaret," she said consolingly.

"Things are hard sometimes, but they generally right themselves.

"It's no wonder you should get downhearted in this lone place, the more so now that it rains all day, and blows all night as if it wanted to blow us into the river.

"Cheer up, miss!

"There's many a one worse off than you.

"What would you do if your husband were out in the bad weather now, like mine?"

It was not so consoling a reflection as Mrs. Cator, in the innocence of her heart, imagined when she made it.

It did not succeed in checking Margaret's tears.

Presently Mrs. Cator, under the pressure of her own anxiety and the influence of that dolorous time, yielded to the sad contagion, and began weeping also.

When the girl perceived this she put aside her own grief, and began comforting her in her sweet way, cheering her with bright promises and hopes that her husband would soon return.

Mrs. Cator became her grave, capable self again, and resumed her labor of love, not deeming it completed till the long, fair hair lay like a shining mean on Margaret's shoulders, there to develop anew its obstinate tendency to curl.

Meanwhile the time went on.

The slow minutes lengthened into hours, and yet the travellers tarried.

Gradually the talk of the two women died away.

They sat in speechless anxiety.

In the deep silence the terror of the night grew on them once more.

It was the very night in which some deed of blood might be committed and none be the wiser, seeing all noise of resistance and cry of fear would be drowned in the war of the elements.

This thought fascinated Margaret's mind, filling her too-active imagination with weird stories of midnight murders in lonely places, of avenging spectres bring madness and death on those who saw them, of all the darkness that have oppressed the souls of men since time began.

Was it any wonder that she thought with shuddering of the hour when she must return to her room, to meet perhaps that spectral figure, the far-off echo of whose footfall she fancied she caught even now amid the pauses of the storm?

And, if her fancy was correct, was it really a ghostly visitant that was keeping watch and ward with them during those midnight hours of anxious fear, or did Miss Durrant's desolate form indeed wander by night about the scenes where she passively endured her life by day?

Either alternative was sufficiently dreadful in Margaret's eyes, and she was trying in vain to put such thoughts out of her mind when Mrs. Cator all at once broke the silence—a silence so long and deep that they both started, as if struck, at the first sound of her voice.

"It'll be a wonder if the mistress can sleep through this wind.

"To think of her going to bed to the minute when her own cousin is out on a night like this!

"But it's just like her."

So reserved was Mrs. Cator on the subject of her mistress that it was rarely Margaret had heard her say even so much as this of her before.

Not unwilling—if for no other reason than that it would serve to banish other thoughts—to lead her on, she asked her if her mistress were not beautiful when she first came to Upton.

"They say she has been, miss.

"I never saw her very different from what she is now.

"She was younger, of course, when Cator and me got married, thirty years ago; but I can't say I see much change.

"It was never a face I cared for—there was no heart in it."

"Then you did not know her before you married?"

"No, miss.

"I belong to Cator's old country in the south.

"We had kept company when we were young—boy and girl, as you may say—but our fathers were against it, and so he left and went into service.

"He never came back till ten years had gone, and he made up to me again.

"I had not seen any one better in the time, so I said 'Yes.'

"And I've never repented, liking him, though many a time I've been sorry we ever came here.

"It's ill living with a mistress who ——"

She checked herself suddenly.

She had evidently been on the verge of saying something Margaret was not to hear.

Doubtless it was the secret of whose existence she was so firmly persuaded.

It was hard to have it so suddenly withdrawn when on the very point of revelation.

But a refined instinct of honor forbade her to question Mrs. Cator—far less to press her on the subject.

She knew well that in so doing she might have placed the old servant in a painful dilemma between the wish to oblige her and her duty to those who had reposed their confidence in her.

So she held her peace.

They relapsed into silence, each trying to keep anxiety to herself, lest she should increase that of the other.

Outside the wind raged worse than ever, shaking the house from top to bottom.

In the few short lulls Margaret imagined again that she heard occasionally that single footstep in a faint, far-off echo from a distant part of the mansion.

But presently she could distinguish it no more, and so tried to persuade herself once again that this time at least it was merely the creation of her own terrified fancy.

At last there came a more violent gust of wind, and then a sudden crash.

"Mercy on us," exclaimed Mrs. Cator, springing up; "surely that's the back kitchen window blown in! It's only what was was to be expected.

"I've been telling Cator many a time it would go the first high wind, and gone it has.

"It's a wonder it's held out as long as this."

She opened a door which gave access to the kitchens from her room.

They could see that the large front kitchen lay calm and undisturbed in the moonlight, but beyond could be heard the riot of the storm among the pots and pans.

Mrs. Cator looked uneasy.

Her housewifely feelings were evidently at war with the instinct that was making her reluctant to quit the warm room, with its glow of firelight, and venture into the lonely regions beyond.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind coming with me," she said to Margaret, "while I go and see what harm is done—and doing," she ended more excitedly, as a fresh smash of pottery became audible in the whirl of confusion.

Whatever were her feelings, Margaret rose and followed, throwing back with languid arms the hair that came clustering round her face as she stirred.

They passed through the first quiet kitchen, and opened the door which separated it from the back one.

Here everything was in contrast.

Sure enough, the whole of the heavy, old-fashioned sash lay on the floor, a heap of shattered wood and glass, while the wind which had wrought all this havoc raged round the room, making sad work of Mrs. Cator's household gods.

Some object made a dart at the door as it opened, and they started back in an alarm which showed how greatly they were unnerved.

It proved to be only the household cat, more frightened than either of them, and eager for the shelter and protection which domesticated animals in their fear seek so touchingly from man.

Margaret caught the poor creature in her arms and began to soothe and caress it, while Mrs. Cator made some ineffectual efforts for the preservation of the earthenware.

She had given up the task as hopeless, and, having with her companion beaten a retreat to the front kitchen, was shutting the door with difficulty when Margaret, who had laid her cheek against the cat's soft coat and was charmed to hear it begin to purr, suddenly felt the old servant clutch her arm, and heard her terror-stricken whisper—

"Heaven preserve us! Oh, Miss Margaret, look!"

Margaret's eyes followed the direction indicated by her companion.

Then, without her will she echoed her exclamation—without her will she shrank back out of the bright moonlight in which she was standing.

Round the corner of the house, down the walk which passed close before the wide, low windows of the kitchen, in the dead of that dreary midnight, amidst the howling and shrieking of the storm, came the ghastly form of the White Lady.

The two women shrank into the darkest corner of the room, as if they feared to be seen by her, and clung there together, their breathing thick and fast with fear as they watched the mysterious figure gliding along.

And then all at once Margaret started, and, despite the grasp of Mrs. Cator's arm, which would fain have held her back, crept towards the window.

For as the figure—the dreadful figure which she had seen at dead of night in the lonely gardens, the figure which at dead of night had stood with heart-rending cry at the foot of her bed—drew nearer and nearer its likeness to Miss Durrant grew more and more distinct.

And in the girl's breast there arose a desperate wish to settle at once and for ever whether it were her gloomy cousin or no.

It was no hour, there was no time, for analyzing feelings.

She did not know whence it came, whether it was of her or beyond her, this longing for certainty which drove her forward in spite of the horror that would fain have stayed her steps, crying in her heart that if there was a resemblance to Miss Durrant it was the resemblance between ancestor and descendant—that this was no living woman, but a spectre wandering for ever round the scene of her former sin.

She would not listen to it, she would not yield, though she was trembling from head to foot and deathly cold, pale as she waited—brave girl that she was!—close behind the broad lattice, for the passing of the ghost-like form.

On and on it came, with swift, stately motion (in that what an unlikeness to Miss Durrant!), tracing the windings of the narrow path with a step that never faltered or stumbled.

As it near the shuddering Margaret, who, in spite of her fixed resolve, felt now as if she dare hardly lift her eyes to it, the moon broke out anew in all her glory through a rift in the storm-driven clouds.

In that moment all doubts were swept from the girl's mind.

For the clear, pale light, falling full upon the tall white figure, revealed to her her cousin's stern, familiar features, and showed plainly the dark, open eyes fixed in the horrible senseless stare of the sleep-walker.

Half Margaret's dread—that terrible fear the human feels at contact with the superhuman—gave way before the certainty of Miss Durrant's identity with the midnight vision.

"See," she said, in a quick, low voice, turning back to her companion; "it is your mistress.

"You would not believe me before. Now look for yourself."

"It can't be, it can't be!" moaned the terror-stricken woman, as the dreadful figure vanished in the mazes of the shrubbery.

"I never heard of her doing such a thing. It is that other, of whom the people talk—that other, whom Cator saw one night. It surely can't be the mistress."

"Let us at least go and see if she is in her room," cried Margaret.

"Oh, Mrs. Cator, if she gets down to the lowest terrace where I saw her—the water ——"

Words failed her.

She ended abruptly.

Another fear dawned on Mrs. Cator's face not superseding the others, but added to them.

She was not persuaded this was not a ghost.

But if indeed it were not—if it were her mistress — there was a terrible danger ahead.

"Come," said Margaret hurriedly, as she hesitated, seizing her arm; "we have no time to lose.

"Quick, quick!"

She sprang back to the room they left, seized the candle, and opened the door wide.

Heretofore shrinking and content to follow, she had now, in that trying hour, become the leader and encourager.

Mrs. Cator followed her in terrified agitation.

She herself was resolute and calm as, commending themselves to the Divine protection, they made all speed up the back staircase and along the winding passages to the great gallery.

The light was soon extinguished, for in their haste they failed to shield it from the eddying blasts, driven in at every cranny by the storm.

All round them the wind whistled and moaned, while heavy shutters creaked dolefully in the wild blast, and strange sounds came in many a mournful wail from the deserted chambers.

The snatches of moonlight that fell through the tall narrow windows revealed—and they thanked Heaven for it, no awful phantom sight.

Unhurt, unimpeded, they reached the door of Miss Durrant's bedroom.

They knocked, and receiving no answer, knocked and knocked again, calling meanwhile till their voices reverberated, amidst all the thunder of the wind, through the desolate empty passages.

It was in vain—there was no reply.

They tried the door.

It was fastened.

Though they flung themselves against it, it was too strong to yield to strength so slight as theirs.

"There is another way in," Mrs. Cator suddenly exclaimed—"through the room you used to sleep in.

"The door is always kept locked, and I had quite forgotten it.

"I remember now Cator showed it to me once.

"If she has got out it must be by that, though how she has managed it I cannot tell."

She panted out the words as they ran down the gallery, and so round to Margaret's former chamber.

Sure enough the unused door there, which had always been so firmly barred, now opened at a touch, and through half-a-dozen bedrooms and cupboards hidden in the walls, after the fashion of old houses, they reached Miss Durrant's room.

Ere they gained it they knew she must have gone.

They were not surprised that the lights they so hastily kindled flashed on an empty bed.

They did not wonder that no dark face, divided between anger and astonishment, rose up to rebuke their intrusion.

Still they searched every nook and corner.

Mrs. Cator was unwilling to admit the alarming truth while there was a hope that she was deceived.

But there was no deception.

Just as the frightened woman, forced to confess, shot back the bolts of the door opening upon the gallery, to she knew not whither in pursuit of her mistress, the great bell of the entrance-door clanged through the empty house making their hearts leap by its sudden uproar.

"There's Cator," cried his wife, recovering herself.

"I know the way he pulls the bell.

"Thank Heaven, he's safe, at least, and has come to us at last!"

A thought swept swiftly through Margaret's brain.

"Oh, Mrs. Cator," she cried—"quick; run down and open the door!

"Tell him your mistress is in the garden; tell him about the flood.

"I will go out the side-door, and try to stop and waken her.

"But, oh, tell him to make haste!

"Say it is a matter of life and death to one of us—perhaps both.

"If—if he is not quick, it may be too late."

Then, not daring to think, and without any light to guide her, the girl turned the way she had come.

Along the passage, down the stairs, she hurried alone, to the little door she had once gained in such mortal terror, fleeing from her whom she was now about to pursue.

One wild appeal from her heart for help, one thought—oh, marvellous might of love!—that it was for a Durrant she was doing this, and she was out in the stormy night.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUCH a wild night it was!

Dark masses of cloud hurried across a sky which otherwise was full of light from the full moon, while all around the wind raged and stormed in fury.

The great trees, roaring above Margaret's head, tossed their mighty limbs restlessly in the unending torment.

Here and there one of the great branches gave way before the blast, and came crashing down, or a smaller bough was whirled away in the storm.

And this aroused hope in Margaret's breast.

"Surely," she thought—

"If one of these touch Miss Durrant it will awaken her, and surely if she is awakened she will return to the house."

With an uneasy, rustling sound, the thick yew hedges bent and shivered in the furious wind.

And over all this tumult joy every now and then the pitiless moonlight, so bright, so cold—as unfeeling as mocking laughter to a mourning heart.

Holding at bay the appealing fancies that gathered round her in the mystery of that night, and urged to even greater speed by the dread of what might happen if she were too late.

Margaret hurried down through the terraces, her eyes searching on all sides as she ran for a glimpse of that very tall white figure.

They sought in vain.

Terrace after terrace showed bare and void, tenanted only by fast-flitting shadows in the moonlight, by half-darkness in the times of shade.

The girl paused at last on the top of the flight of steps leading to the river-terrace, and, as she stood, the spray of the mimic surges wetted her to the knee.

The whole way from the house she had seen no living creature.

Miss Durrant must certainly have been far in advance when she started.

Now, in front of her lay nothing but the waste of waters.

They were swollen out of all likeness to a river, tossing and heaving in the blast, and sweeping with an irresistible current to the sea.

Even as Margaret looked a tall elm near yielded to the eager, lapping waves, and, lurching over with a plunge, went drifting past her in a minute's space.

What chance would a frail human being have in that strong torrent?

Of the lowest terrace all that could be perceived was the uppermost portion of the beautiful cedar and the top of one summer-house, the other having already disappeared.

Nothing else broke the monotonous desolate surface of heaving water, the crests of which were turned to silver by the moon.

Just for a few seconds Margaret stood there, and all hope that the worst had not already happened lay dead in her heart.

Then a sudden thought lent her once more a spasmodic energy.

How did she know her cousin would go directly to the river-terrace, or even go there at all?

Might she not even now be wandering in the sequestered shrubberies which bordered like a fringe the fair expanse of the terrace-gardens?

Even as the idea seized her, she turned and ran back towards that on the left side, searching its winding walks in frantic haste.

Here again it seemed her toil was destined to be fruitless.

No gleam of white rewarded the straining eyes that strove to pierce the thick darkness of those hidden nooks.

Undaunted by the loneliness and wild uproar that surrounded her—or rather, not allowing herself to be conquered by her fear of them—the brave girl had thus worked her way back almost to the house itself, when, scanning the open space in front of it with eager eyes, she fancied she saw something white shine through a gap in the boundary line of yews.

For an instant she stood transfixed, her faculties strained to the utmost as she watched and strove to listen through the noise of the mighty wind.

Then a low cry burst from her lips as, divided from her by two of those wide terraces, she saw below her the white form she sought moving swiftly towards the river.

Two whole terraces—and of what avail was it that her tired feet were winged anew by desperate fear when a pond in the centre of the first had to be skirted in the half-darkness, and the only exit from the second was at its farthest angle, while the path went straight as an arrow through those Miss Durrant was traversing?

Still, in her wild race with death, in her frantic energy to save, she conquered half that distance.

Miss Durrant had not yet quite crossed the terrace that led to that which was now a surging sea when Margaret reached the steps leading to it.

Not quite, but almost.

Before her lay but a few yards of solid earth, and then—that watery death!

The last hope of overtaking her died in Margaret's breast.

With failing, shaking knees she ran—how she managed it she never knew—down those wet, slippery steps.

One chance remained—that her voice might achieve that which was denied to her trembling limbs—and she tried to call aloud.

Hoarse and feeble, her utterance failed her at first.

With a fierce determination to conquer her weakness she tried again, and might perchance have done so.

But, as she strove to quiet her gasping sobbing breath, the sound of the piteous heart-piercing cry she had heard so many months ago in that same place drove the blood back to her heart.

Shuddering from head to foot she sank down on the cold, drenched earth.

She could not move—she had no power to call as she watched, bound as by some frightful nightmare.

Her cousin drew nearer and nearer to the gloomy arch of yew which was that night the very portal of death.

And then the fear of blood-guiltiness flashed through her, and extorted from her the effort of which she seemed incapable.

"Miss Durrant! Miss Durrant!" she cried through the tempest in a shrill, ringing tone.

"Oh, Miss Durrant, stop!"

Whether Miss Durrant heard that imploring appeal, that last attempt to save her on the part of the orphan to whom she had been so stern and cruel, none ever knew. Whether she did or not, it was too late.

Already the shadow of the gloomy arch gathered above her head, already her feet had touched the foaming water, already the fierce current was lifting her from off them, already her helpless figure began to sway in its furious grip.

And then a sudden piercing scream rang through the horror of the night, the scream of an agonized awakening, the very utterance of the shadow of death—a cry that needs must petrify with fear all on whose ears it fell.

Conscious at last, she battled for dear life with the sweeping flood, battled to free herself from that irresistible, inexorable embrace, battled and wholly failed.

For her there was no escape from death, though Margaret, reaching with weary feet and laboring breath the fatal spot whence she had slipped, clasped one arm round the stubborn yew and lent out as far as she could over the surging flood, in hope, if it might be, to seize her with the other hand.

It was too late even for that.

The desperate struggle was over, the form she sought to save was already far from shore, drawn ever deeper and deeper down into the raging current.

Only the hungry waves leaped up and touched Margaret's hand, as, sobbing and crying in the dark at the thought of what she had seen and heard, stretched her frail, slight arms out over them, in the thought, poor child, that so she might yet dispute their prey with their gigantic strength.

And they, as if eager for another victim, leaped higher, and lapped fiercely at the roots of the old yew to which she clung, while the furious wind roared in her ears and washed the tears from her face with cold, cutting spray.

Oh, horror—what was that she felt as, despairing at length of that of which there was never hope in truth, she essayed to withdraw herself from her perilous position?

Had all the terror and suffering of the past hours driven her mad, or was the bough she grasped really yielding beneath her weight?

No; it was true, horribly true.

The wet, soaking bank round the roots of the tree was giving way before the inroads of its powerful assailants.

As she tried to regain her balance her foothold failed on its steep slipperiness, and a sudden terrifying conviction swept through her that she too was falling into that gulf of death.

Then, for the first time, the brave heart failed.

Then, at the thought of that lonely drowning in the storm and darkness, she screamed aloud with fear and horror.

"Oh, save me, save me!" she cried in agony, through the shrieking of the wind and the dreadful surging of the infuriated water.

Even as her soul went out in that supreme effort there came the rescue.

Steps, swiftly approaching, paused behind her, strong arms raised her—not, for all their strength, without desperate exertion—from the grip of those deadly waters; manly accents, broken with the deep gratitude which follows the relief of agonized anxiety, thanked Heaven for the great mercy which had brought Edward Durrant to that spot in time to save his darling from the power of the flood.

Over Margaret Lindsay, as she felt herself lifted up from death and realized that it was by him, there came a confused sense that the heavy burden of her young life's sorrow had been rolled away; the first taste of a new and exquisite happiness thrilled her from head to foot.

Then the flood-tide of joy achieved what the bitter waves of suffering had already so nearly effected.

As Edward bore her from that scene of horror—trees and wind, and tangled garden and tossing flood—the memory of that great catastrophe in which she had been all but a sharer—ay, even the thought of her happy love, faded away from her.

Her slight form pressed more heavily on the arms that so tenderly supported her, and she swooned away.

Inexperienced in such matters, he scarcely knew whether her unconsciousness were not that of death.

A shudder ran through him as he parted the long wet hair from her sweet face, seeing in the light of the carriage lamp, which Cator had caught up in his hurry, how rigid and pale it looked, reading also with the quickness of a lover's eye how greatly the lines drawn by suffering and patience had deepened there since last he gazed upon it.

"It has been too hard a trial for her," he groaned, as he carried her back to the house, all heedless now of wind and rain.

"My darling, have I won you and saved you only to lose you, after all?"

To no other would he resign the care of his treasure till the weeping Mrs. Cator had partly relieved his anxiety.

But when he learnt that Margaret was not dead, but only fainting, duty reasserted its power over him.

He tore himself away to prosecute what he well knew would be a hopeless search for his missing cousin.

The mystery of the river-terrace which Margaret had communicated to him, together with the spot where he had found her, could lead but to one conclusion in his mind.

Rightly did he judge that never again in this life would he see the dark fire of Miss Durrant's eyes, or listen to her cruel words of biting scorn.

Even for the dead body it was hopeless to search as long as the flood continued at that height.

But the next day dawned calm and clear.

It seemed as if that victim had appeased the vengeance of the storm.

Henceforth the waters subsided without further let or hindrance, bringing back to view the marshy fields and lanes, the foundations of the wrecked buildings, the carcass of the drowned animals, together with all the thousand waifs and strays of a great inundation.

And so at length they restored also the disfigured body of the once beautiful mistress of Upton Court—with wide-open, staring eyes, and features convulsed and distorted by the death-agony.

They buried her with all the ceremonies that became her rank.

But though all outward forms of mourning were observed—though the long files of tenantry followed her to the grave, though the cottagers came from far and near to gaze at the black steeds, and waving plumes, and sable pomp of their lady's funeral—there was not one heart in all that crowd which was touched with grief for her loss, not one life in which her death had caused a blank, not one eye which filled with tears for her sake.

The measure which she had meted out to others had with unerring justice been given back to her.

For herself she had lived; now to herself alone she died.

So she was buried.

The sympathy and love she had never cared to win were shown day by day in the general anxiety for the orphan girl she had despised.

For Margaret lay dangerously ill with brain-fever, the result of the terror and fatigue of that night of horror, added to the effects of the long and painfully-suppressed mental suffering.

Mrs. Durrant and her aunt, both of whom had been quickly summoned to Upton—the one by Miss Durrant's tragic death and its consequences, the other by her niece's illness—nursed her with unremitting care; for days her life hung in the balance, while her mind wandered confusedly among the mournful scenes of the past.

Delirium threw wide open the gates of secrecy which her strength of character had kept so strictly closed.

The women looked at each other with tearful eyes as they gathered from her fever-stricken utterances some knowledge of the torture she had endured.

Could the mother's heart grow otherwise than tender towards the young maiden whose sweet voice murmured ceaselessly, amidst her restless tossings to and fro, of the hopeless love, strong and sad as death, which she bore to her son?

Could the wise practical father retain unshaken his grave disapproval of the match which would have given him such a daughter as this, whose unselfish patience, wise as his, but with a wisdom so far higher, unveiled by those piteous, wandering sentences, grew daily clearer to his eyes?

And thus it came to pass that the ravings of her sick bed pleaded more powerfully in Margaret's favor with the parents of her lover than did the heroic daring of her effort to save the life of their kinswoman.

Edward himself was tortured with anxiety.

Was it only to end in this that he had endured that long year's silence and voluntary exile?

For this that at its close he had hurried back from the ends of the earth straight to Upton, turning aside for nothing, not even to his home?

Was it for this he had struggled through the watery roads, from facing the peril of which even sturdy old Cator would fain have flinched that night, or for this that, by a combination of highest speed and strength and skill, he had saved his love from the death she had dared for his cousin's sake, to learn in such sorrowful guise that her incomparable love was wholly his, and then to face the agony of a final separation at the moment which should have been one of a blissful, life-long reunion?

So he mused one evening, when his mother came to him, and, unable to speak, put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him tenderly.

He looked up into her agitated face, and a sudden terror shook his strong young frame.

"Mother!" he strove to say, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth.

He could only gaze at her with agonized, imploring eyes.

But she smiled at him, and said—

"My son, thank Heaven, it is not death, but life!"

Not death, but life—for youth is hard to kill, especially when returning consciousness is intensest joy.

And so the trial of the young hearts ended in rest and peace as perfect as the world can show.

Youth, health and riches were theirs, an honorable field of action, and an ancient and, so far as the world knew, unspotted name; together with that moral and mental wealth which is worth more than gold and silver; high aspirations and noble aims for the right employment of the dread gift of life, born of humility and truth and love.

And meanwhile what was the mystery connected with that life, the secret of which had for so many months alternately roused and repelled Margaret's curiosity?

What was it that had wrecked Katherine Durrant's wondrous beauty; reduced the energy shown in every line of her portrait to sullen, purposeless inaction, and driven her at last to her tragic death?

Not till long years after the catastrophe, when his hair was silvery white, and his feet drew near the portals of the grave, did Mr. Durrant unfold that mystery to his heir and his wife.

And he bade them let the secret die with them, for why should they prolong the story of the disgrace of their house?

* * * * * * * * *

This is what Mr. Durrant told his wife and his son.

Miss Durrant had been an only child; she lost her mother in her babyhood, and her father had fixed all his hopes and affections on the daughter who was the heiress of his broad estates.

Very fond of her he was, and very proud.

A man not otherwise of tender nature, who, in truth, cared what other people endured so long as things went well with him and his pretty Kate.

The beautiful child had her way in everything.

More imperiously in her nursery and her schoolroom than many a grown woman does in her husband's house.

The servants about her learnt early that, if they cared for their places, they must suffer all her caprices and obey all her behests, for a complaint from her was enough to ensure a dismissal.

With her governesses also she did battle as on equal terms, and had not her father, perceiving the quick parts with which she was endowed, been determined that his brilliant heiress should be brilliantly accomplished, it is hard to say how ignorant she might not have remained.

As it was the task of those employed in her instruction was no easy one, and they had need of the greatest self-command of temper and of patience, so intensely irritating were the insolence and malignity of the spoilt child.

So she grew up, admired by all, and loved by none save her adoring father, a very marvel of beauty and talent.

A greater marvel yet, for her sex and age of stony-heartedness.

With her father alone she cared to keep the peace.

Unamiable as she was by nature, and rendered more so by the foolish bringing up she had received, which to such a nature as hers was poison, the natural tie of affection could not be wholly broken.

And besides, the keen calculating spirit which, added to her temper, made this last unbearable, showed her how in league with him all power was hers.

Without him, so long as he should live, but very little.

And power—the ability to control others, the force to thwart their wishes and compel them to act against themselves in deference to her iron will—power such as this was to her the very breath of life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Jemima's Cruise.

BY M. ONLEU.

CHARLIE, my young brother, had been fagging at his studies; I had just passed the R.C.S.E., and was proportionately elate.

We had earned our summer holiday, we thought.

Nothing loth was I when Charlie, with a cap in his hand, pointed out a spot on the Caithness coast and exclaimed—

"Here we are!

"There we'll go!

"What say you, Frank?"

"Very good choice.

"Plenty of ozone, fishing and boating; fashion at a discount.

"Where is the time-table?"

A primitive fishing-village—call it Clanhead—was quickly fixed upon.

After the usual delights of railway traveling we found ourselves in a place richly endowed by nature, but minus an inn.

A Highland cottage, however, proved a comfortable enough shelter.

After a night's rest and a hearty fish breakfast we strolled off towards the sea.

In the one straggling street of Clanhead, were yellow-haired children who stood in wide-eyed, innocent wonder, and stared at us.

Perhaps they were overcome by the sight of our hideous brown sand-shoes.

It might have been that they were bewitched by Charlie's handsome face.

Charlie is the Adonis of our family; and I—well, I am an ugly young man with a marvellously wide mouth, eye-sight so near that I cannot pick up a six pence without the help of my glasses, and an expression, to say the least of it, scared.

Such as we were, we stood the lads' and lasses' scrutiny unabashed, plodding, plodding on till we perceived a middle-aged man leaning on a gate in, I imagined, a dolce far niente condition.

He turned, however, and moved toward us.

"Will ye no' be takin' a sail the fhornin' gentlemen?"

"Just what we want," cried Charlie.

"Aweel, tak' ye the first turn to the reet an' it'll bring ye to the head o' the cliff.

"Some way back ye'll see the openin' to a ravine.

"Gang awa through the gap an' ye'll soon be where the sea washes the cliff-foot.

"Be ye canny, for tide's high the noo, an' the shallowest water there may droun' ye.

"In five minutes I'll be comin' roond wi' my boat an' my mate at your service."

The boatman touched his cap and moved off.

We made for the ravine, passed down it, and came suddenly upon the most magnificent expanse of rolling water that our eyes had ever feasted upon.

Shortly, from, I suppose, some sheltering nook under the cliff, came along our little craft, the Jemima, with her mainsail spread and her master at the helm, while Donald, his mate, kept watch at the bow.

With a "Yo hoy!

"Steady! Yo hoy!" she was "brought to," and in scrambled we, neck or nothing.

We were scarcely seated before, emerging from the ravine, toiling on with the help of a crutch over loose earth and boulders, came a girl, with a sweet but very sad face.

Evidently she was suffering in mind and body.

"Eeh, Hinny! Hinny!" said our boatman with a softened intonation.

"Ye should na act sae, my dear!

"When gentlemen hire the Jemima they dinna expect to tak' her master's family aboord.

"Gang awa' hame again, Mamie."

"Oh, by all means, take your friend aboard, Mr.——"

"Ben is my name, sir, an' I thank ye for your kindness.

"Come then, bairn! an' look ye, dinna trust to your crutch when ye step aboord.

"Should the boat luff it may slip frae under ye.

"Let me lay it doon at the stern, an' gi'e me your hond.

"Now, steady, an' in ye are."

Ben guided the boat off, then turned to the girl again.

"Eh, my bairnie, not sae mickle as a speck o head-gear! an' they bits o' fal-lal clothing flying about ye.

"Ye'll catch your death! ye maun hae my jacket on.

"Mebbe, sir, ye'll be sae kind as to hand the tiller whiles I dress her oop?

"There now, Mamie, are ye no warmly buskit?"

Off we were before the wind, our swelling mainsail hiding the man at the bow.

The grand sea and sky threw Charlie and myself into ecstacies.

Ben, used to such scenes, was quiet and, I thought, sad.

While the lassie looked decidedly sleepy.

"Eh, my doo," said Ben, "ye were 'coop wi' the birds.

"I marked ye wendin' your way to the cliff by the first glint o' the sun.

"Ye'se liken to a wraith, my dearie! Ye'se aye wanderin'.

"Aweel, lay doon your head awhile on my shoulder, an' be takin' a wee bit nap the noo."

With his disengaged arm Ben supported the frail little body.

And soon his charge was dozing as restfully as any weary child.

As she slept I espied a wedding-ring on her finger.

Even in repose her face told a tale of mental and bodily suffering.

Some heavy calamity, I thought, must have fallen upon her.

Her child-like confidence in Ben and his tenderness toward her were pathetic; and, altogether, my sympathy was won.

Presently I ventured to ask if she were not an invalid; and returned Ben—

"Oo, yes, sir; an' she is my only bairn. Pretty doo!

"She married ower early.

"An' a week after, Tam, her husband, sailed north wi' his crew for the fishin'. Three months hae passed sin' the woful day, but nae word can we get o' board or men."

"Then you think the vessel——"

"'Went doon,' sir, is what ye mean?—There is nae doot about it; for, miles awa' along coast, a piece of her sail was washed ashore.

"But my lamb knowsna that.

"An' nae, I'stead o' puttin' on widow's weeds, she aye says we'se boun' to find him.

"She watches the sea an' questions every fishermon she meets till it's just pitiful' to hear her."

"She is nearly distraught," thought I.

Then I gave Ben a warning note regarding the imperative need of trying to divert her mind from her trouble.

Also I proffered a word of advice about her lameness, which, it appeared, arose from some recent injury done to the muscles.

"And which, I gathered, had been treated in anything but a scientific manner.

Ben was delighted to find that I was a doctor, and most grateful for my interest in him.

Indeed, he was so earnest in pouring out his thanks when I volunteered to take Mamie's case in hand while I was at Clanhead, that the man at the bow (as he afterwards owned) became an absorbed and sympathetic listener.

Mamie and he had been playmates, and he felt rather down-hearted, Ben told me, when Tam carried her off.

Deep in our subject, and entirely free from apprehension, we scudded pleasantly along.

One moment all our thoughts were of healing.

The next—crash! crash!! crash!!! over our heads, under our feet, everywhere!

A swift glance at the mainsail, a wrench at the tiller, and a tremendous shout from Ben—

"Bow, there, bow! are sleepin', mon?"

The warning was too late!

A large vessel was down upon us.

Our mainsail was pierced through by her bowsprit.

Our timbers were shivering under her bows.

I heard shouting on the deck above us; I saw a man leap from the vessel's side; I saw Mamie wake up in an agony of terror, and throw her arms round her father's neck.

I heard Ben say—

"Nae, dinna cumber me, but strike ye oot an' trust."

I knew we were all in the water, for I saw Ben supporting his child as he swam vigorously toward the man who had leaped over.

I saw Charley going down (neither he nor I was a swimmer), I clutched at him fruitlessly.

Then came confused cries of "Keep your heads up!"

"Here's a life-belt!" "Catch this rope!" and so on.

But soon the voices sounded far away and undistinguishable: I knew that salt water was in my nostrils and mouth.

There was singing in my ears, roaring in my head.

I felt a mad impulse to rise.

I did rise.

For a moment only, I heard eager voices near me, and caught a glimpse of the efforts that were being made to save us; in agony I made an effort to keep up.

It was futile.

Then, hiss! hiss! swish! through my very brain.

After that, darkness, dense darkness! a clear consciousness that the hand of Death was on me.

A cry from my inmost soul to Heaven, and—a strange deep calm.

* * * * * * *

The sun was going down in a flood of crimson glory.

I lay upon a well-swabbed deck all alone.

Where had I been?

Where was I going?

What had happened?

I pinched myself and felt the pain; so I was still in the flesh.

I tried my voice—"Hi! hillos! somebody!"

No one came.

I sat up and took a speculative survey. The vessel was taut and trim, and she smelt of timber, but she was not of British build.

As I cogitated—rather weakly, I must own—a footstep sounded on the deck, and along came a good-natured-looking seaman fair and blue-eyed; he made his way to me and gazed sullingly down.

"What ship is this?" queried I.

A shake of the head.

"Are you a German?"

Two shakes of the head.

"Speak, man, in some tongue or other, will you?"

The word "speak" he understood, and obeyed with energy.

But no word of any language could I pick out from his strange jabber.

Feeling, no doubt, that my understanding wanted arousing, he went away and shortly returned with six other men; some strong, fair, and blue-eyed like himself, the rest shorter, darker, but powerfully built, and all chattering the most unintelligible jargon.

As they bent their energies to make me acquainted with something or other, I tried hard to discover their nationalities, for certainly they were not all of one nation, when—happy thought!—came flitting through my brain the words—

> "And then the blue-eyed Norseman told
> A saga of the days of old."

"You are from Norway!" bawled I. "And you," to the darker men, "you are Swedes. Am I right?"

"Ha! Norroway!

"Norge! Norge! Ha! Ha! Norrike! Ha! Ha!"

The words were taken up like a refrain with boisterous satisfaction.

Had I only raised my eyes to the vessel's flag, I might have seen at first that she was called the Jarl Hakon.

But just then my wits were scattered.

They began, however, to disentangle themselves, and thoughts of Charlie, Ben, and the rest crowded upon me.

Where were they?

Where was the lame girl? and where the Jemima?

It was useless to question, so I rose up and with rather unsteady gait walked across the deck and found my way to the captain's cabin.

On one side lay Ben, with pain in every line of his face.

In the captain's berth, looking absolutely dead, was Mamie.

Stretched out on a rug lay my brother. He, however, managed to moan out "Bravo!" when he saw me.

I went to the girl's side and felt her pulse.

Then, "Where's the captain?" said I to Ben's careless mate, Donald, who was standing by, the picture of helpless distress.

"Here," came a ready answer from a mellow voice behind me.

I turned.

There stood a portly, grey-headed man, with a trustworthy face.

He spoke English.

This was worth something just then.

"Have you a wife—a lady on board, sir, who will carry out my instructions respecting this patient?"

"Are you then a physician?"

"I am a member of the College of Surgeons, and am anxious to do my best in this emergency."

"I am heartily glad, sir.

"A lady—no; there is not really one on board.

"But there is a man who would lay down his life for this child.

"He is burly, but docile; let him be her nurse."

"Oh, her father?

"But he is in sorry plight himself.

"I fear I shall find some broken bones when I have time to look at him."

"No, not her father—her husband."

I glanced at Ben.

"I knaw," said he; "there's a reet bright siller lissin' to oor clood, thank God!"

"Bring him in," quoth I.

He came, a young fellow having a splendid physique and six feet two of height, the very man who had leaped from the side of the Jarl Hakon to our rescue.

I stretched out my arm in front of the berth as a warning or barrier.

But Tam had tact and caution.

He stood mutely looking down on his ghostly young wife, then, in response to a touch on his arm, he bent his head to take my orders.

While Mamie remained unconscious he was to keep his post quietly, using the prescribed remedies.

The moment she showed signs of consciousness he was to vanish.

I turned to Ben, who I found had a broken arm.

"Splints!" said I to Charlie, who was on his feet by this time.

"Go to the captain for thin wood, and tools to shape it, also linen for bandages—a sheet will do.

"Now, Ben, you are a Briton, I know; will you trust me to set that bone?"

"Trust ye?

"Aye, sir; I ne'er wince at sic like. I'd be poorly off an' it worena set."

That business was got through.

Ben had scarcely uttered a moan from first to last, but cold perspiration stood on his forehead, and I was just despatching Donald for a strong cup of tea to revive him when——a sudden knock on my arm.

I turned sharply.

"Beg pardon, sir," whispered Tam, as his great bulk rolled and stumbled into a dark corner beyond me.

But Mamie's eyes were wide open; the whiteness had gone from her face.

Her breath came thick and fast.

She even tried to raise herself on her elbow.

"Father! father! Ye'se foun' my Tam!"

Quaking with fear lest the remedy should be worse than the disease, I motioned Tam out from his hiding place.

I saw the girl's face flush violently; I saw her throw up her arms to clasp her husband's neck.

I saw the young giant turn white and weak with emotion.

Then away darted I, never halting till I reached the stern.

Tyro as I was, I would rather have set half a dozen more bones than have stood out that meeting.

The Jarl Hakon was doing a pine trade between Bergen and Aberdeen.

On her last homeward voyage she had picked up Tam and another seaman who were beating hopelessly about in a small boat, half dead with thirst and exhaustion.

Tam's fine frame had battled through, and he was working his way back to Scotland.

But his companion in peril had succumbed and was laid in a Norwegian grave.

* * * * * * *

Mamie walked without her crutch before I left Clanhead; and Ben's bone was doing famously.

I was in high spirits at my success as surgeon on my own account.

I had gained friends too, staunch and leal.

Said Tam at parting—

"Ye'se gi'en me a bonny wife for a sickly ane, an' I'll ne'er thank ye enoo, sir."

"All right, Tam.

"You saved my life when you leaped from the Jarl Hakon, you know, so we're more than quits.

"And look here, lad, if ever you want a friend, send to me."

"Sae I will, sir.

"An' suld ye e'er need an act o' reet willin' an' faithfu' service, ye'll send to me?"

That compact was an honest one, and it will stand.

Katie's Luck.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

THANKSGIVING EVE, and Katie Hall was coming home from her daily task of toil at the district school.

The little mountain spring was all choked with dead leaves; the gourd-shell lay broken in pieces among the yellowing ferns, and as Katie stopped to gather up a scarlet vine-leaf which still retained its vivid glow, the setting sun burst from a bank of sullen clouds, and seemed to encircle the whole world with a belt of amber light, while a sudden gust of frost-scented, autumnal wind swept the leaf from her hand, and sent it eddying fantastically down the dark wood path.

Katie sighed.

"It is like an omen of evil," said she.

"I was thirsty, and the spring is full of leaves and the shell broken.

"I wanted the bright leaf, and the wind has blown it away.

"I don't know how I am ever to tell grandfather and grandmother about the district school."

Then, quickening her footsteps, she hurried down the road, never pausing until she reached an old steep-roofed house, painted a dull red, and half-hidden by the giant boughs of huge chestnut-trees.

There had been an old toll-gate there once, but it had long been disused, and nothing remained of it but a sort of picturesque arch over the roadway, all twined with wild vines.

And grandfather Hall was carrying an armful of wood into the kitchen door as Katie came up.

Grandmother Hall was knitting by the fire in her cushioned rocker.

It was five years since grandmother Hall had put her feet to the floor, yet she was indomitably cheerful through it all.

If there was a bright side to anything, grandmother Hall always found it out; if not, she set herself to work to imagine one.

"Ah, here you are, Katie," said the old man mournfully; "and high time you come.

"The old turkey-hen is lost, and the apple-sass is scorched, and Lewis Crawford ain't called for them eggs, and if they ain't sold, we shan't have a penny to put in the contribution-plate to-morrow arter the Thanksgiving service."

"Lawa sakes, father!" said Mrs. Hall, "what's the use of rainin' evil news on Katie like that? Don't you see she looks pale and tired?

"The turkey-hen is safe in the branches of the sorrel pear-tree. I saw her just now. And as for the apple-sass, I don't dislike it a little scorched myself; it gives flavor.

"And I'm sartin Lewis Crawford'll come along yet. It ain't late, you know."

And leaning over until you would have been sure she must lose her balance, grandmother Hall opened the oven door to see how the cakes were getting on.

"Granny," said Katie, with a quivering lip, "I'd better tell you at once.

"Squire Dean's daughter is to have the school next season.

"They don't need my services any longer, they say. Oh, granny, granny! what is to become of us?"

Old Mr. Hall sat down with a groan.

"I knowed there was some ill-luck coming," said he.

"There was a rabbit ran across the path when I went to pick up apples to-day—right square across the path."

"Father, don't!" said the old lady, swallowing some sort of a lump in her throat; "that's clear superstition.

"Don't fret, Katie, we shall get along somehow, never fear."

"Oh, yes," sighed grandfather Hall satirically, "we shall get along, even if we burn up the side of the house to keep us warm. Things is coming to a crisis now, mother. Squire Dean was over to see me about the place to-day.

"It's to be sold at auction, Monday two weeks, and I'd like to know what is to become of us then.

"Ah, it was a black day when I lent that money to Stephen Gregson, and burdened the old house with debt.

"I might have known he was a scamp, or he wouldn't have wanted to go away and leave the spot where he was born."

Katie winced at this.

She knew perfectly well that if it had not been for her persuasions, grandfather Hall never would have mortgaged his house and farm.

Six per cent. seemed a golden investment, and besides—besides, Katie had liked Stephen Gregson, with his bright, blue eyes, his clear voice, and his contagiously-sanguine temperament.

"When I've made my fortune, Katie," he had said gaily, "I'll come back and marry you."

"Don't talk nonsense, Stephen," she had said, with a laugh.

But it had not seemed like nonsense in the secret depths of her heart.

She had pondered many and many a time over his emphatic words, but they had failed to come true.

Probably Stephen Gregson hadn't made the expected fortune.

Certain it was that he had not come home to marry her.

And Katie was beginning to coincide with grandfather Hall's misanthropic theory—that all the world was askew.

Grandmother Hall was silent.

She was glad now that she had never told her husband and Katie about the twenty-five dollars that she had lent cousin Abby Miller—the hoarded store of silver in the old stocking leg which she had parted with to help the friendless old maid to open a little millinery shop in the city.

"I'm afraid it's money thrown away," thought grandmother Hall.

"I did s'pose Abby would at least have written word about it.

"But there, what is the use of crying about spilled milk? I dare say Abby feels as bad about it as I do, poor solitary creetur.

"Anyway, Katie," she said, breaking the oppressive silence, "there's one thing we have to be thankful for, the pumpkins ripened splendidly in the corn-stubble, and I guess you'd better slice up one to-night for the pies; and father must cut the hen turkey's head off bright and early.

"It may be our last Thanksgiving in the old place, and we'll keep it as it ought to be kept.

"Come, the tea is drawn—we'll all feel better for a good hot cup."

"'Tain't no use," said old Mr. Hall, shaking his head.

"Nothing ain't no use."

Katie, too, was discouraged.

Grandmother Hall saw it in her face, even though she spoke no word.

They had scarcely seated themselves at the little round cherry table, when a knock came to the door.

"It's the sheriff to serve the mortgage paper," said old Mr. Hall, whose ideas of the law were vague.

"It's Lewis Crawford after the eggs," said Mrs. Hall, more hopefully.

But it was neither one nor the other.

It was a little old woman in a black silk hat, a respectable cloth cloak, and a brown stuff dress—Miss Abby Miller herself.

"Good evening, cousin Hall!" said she. "I've come to spend Thanksgiving with you."

"And you're kindly welcome," chirped the old lady.

"Katie, set a chair for Abby, and take her things."

"But first," said Miss Abby, "I must pay my debts.

"Here's the twenty-five dollars I borrowed of you, and I know, cousin Hall, you'll be pleased to know that I've prospered and made money in the millinery business, that I never could have got into if it hadn't been for your good nature and generosity.

"And here," producing a willow basket nearly as large as herself, "is the finest turkey in Fulton Market, and three quarts of cranberries, and a dozen of oranges, and a pot of guava jelly.

"My contribution to to-morrow's housekeeping. And if it was forty times as much, it wouldn't be half what I owe you, cousin Hall!"

And Miss Abby Miller, failing in an attempt to laugh, began to cry, and ended up by hugging old Mrs. Hall with all her might.

Tea was hardly over before a new visitor arrived on the scene—Dr. Purdy, the chairman of the local board of trustees.

"What's this about Squire Dean's daughter ousting you from your place, Miss Hall?" he asked.

"I have been told——" began Katie.

"No matter what you have been told," said the doctor.

"I've seen Mr. McAlistor, and he and I both agree that you are not to be disturbed. You suit us exactly, and we intend that you shall retain the position if there were a dozen Miss Deans to be provided for.

"You'll remain, eh?"

"Gladly, if you wish it," said Katie, visibly brightening up.

"And if Dean don't like it he can lump it," added Dr. Purdy, independently.

He had not been gone half an hour when the knocker—they never had arrived at the dignity of a door-bell at grandfather Hall's—sounded again.

"Why," cried the old lady, who sat where she could see the door, "it's—it's Stephen Gregson!"

"Of course it's Stephen Gregson," said a deep masculine voice.

"And he's traveled night and day to be in time to spend this Thanksgiving Day with the best friends he has in the world.

"And I should have been here earlier," cordially wringing the hands of all the group as he spoke, "if I hadn't stopped at Squire Dean's to clap a stopper on that confounded mortgage business he's so sharp after."

"Ain't the place to be foreclosed, then?" said grandfather Hall, in a half-comprehending manner.

"Foreclosed!" shouted Stephen Gregson. "Not if I know it. And the thing never would have been thought of, if the lawyers I wrote to hadn't been scamps and cleared out with the money I sent 'em six months ago to pay up the mortgage.

"However, here I am in time at last, with the amount of the debt I owe you safely lodged in the Wickham Bank, and enough besides to settle up all costs and charges.

"Why, how well you all look! And Miss Abby Miller has actually grown young, and Katie's cheeks are as pink as crape-myrtle.

"Yes, yes, Katie, our old dreams have come true. I've made my fortune, and I've come back to marry you."

Ah, inconsiderate lover that he was thus to blurt out his courtship before the old people and Miss Miller!

But it was never Stephen Gregson's way to be secretive; and they all seemed to be as much interested about it as Katie herself.

But they had the discretion not to look towards that particular part of the kitchen where the big geranium grew in a painted tub, when Stephen and Katie had gone there to look at the new scarlet buds, just opening out,

"It seems like a dream!" said Katie ecstatically, as she and Stephen together stood at the window, watching the moon wade through the masses of struggling clouds.

"Grandfather and grandmother provided for; the dear old home all our own; you back here, faithful and unchanged, and our wedding to be in February. Oh, how can I ever be thankful enough?"

While grandfather Hall was saying the same thing by the fireside.

"We shall keep Thanksgiving to-morrow, with good reason, eh, mother?" he uttered.

And old Mrs. Hall answered fervently—"I shall keep Thanksgiving all my life!"

Cousin Dora.

BY HERBERT GOUGH.

AUNT POLLY dead—and left one hundred thousand dollars."

Medora Vincent dropped the letter she was reading, and stared at her mother and sisters in stupefied amazement.

Neighbor Stebbins, who had dropped in, opened her eyes in wondering sympathy.

"And the hull on it to you, Medory?" she questioned half incredulously.

"Left the hull on it to Medory," put in Mrs. Vincent; "pervided she marries that there nephew of aunt Polly's first husband, Ben Goldacre."

"But I don't want to marry him," pouted Medora wilfully; "and I won't!"

"What on airth!" cried her mother aghast.

"Throw away a forchin like that! Be you out of your senses, child?"

"What her you got agin him, any way, Medory?" asked neighbor Stebbins curiously. "Ever seed him?"

"No; but I'm sure he's old and ugly.

"He's got such an ugly name—Benjamin! Ugh!"

"Why, la, that ain't nothin'.

"A name wouldn't hender me, if 'twars Beelzebub!" declared the visitor reassuringly.

Medora persisted in her refusal to accept Mr. Benjamin Goldacre, much to her mother's vexation.

"It won't do no harm to see him," she declared; "and mebbe he won't be so humly after all."

"Never mind. I'll wait and give him a chance, any way. And if he don't refuse me, it won't be my fault," said Medora, for a bright thought had flashed into her busy brain.

Why could she not disguise herself in such a ludicrous way that Mr. Benjamin Goldacre would be glad to refuse her?

"Aunt Polly set me the example, any way," she thought to herself consolingly, "and I may as well do a little masquerading, too."

And much pleased with the thought of her intended deception, Medora hurried to her own room to pick out the shabbiest dress she could find for her disguise.

On the appointed day lawyer Higbee performed the necessary introduction between the prospective heirs, who stared at each other curiously.

Mr. Goldacre beheld a dowdy-looking female in a shabby dress of bottle-green alpaca, with spectacles of the same hue astride her nose.

"Heavens!" thought Mr. Benjamin Goldacre, "I shall certainly decline."

On her part, notwithstanding her already-formed opinion, Medora was seriously disappointed in the gentleman before her.

"Dear me, what an antediluvian he is!" she thought in dismay.

"I knew he'd be old and ugly, but I did not expect quite such a fright. Of course, I shall refuse him."

Medora wrote her answer with careful precision, sealed it in a cream-colored envelope, and directed it to lawyer Higbee in her best chirography.

"I'll carry it to him myself," she thought.

A handsome young man who was writing at a desk received her courteously.

"Mr. Higbee has not come in yet; he will be here presently."

And he placed a chair for the visitor, casting an admiring glance at the amber curls and dimpled, pink-tinted cheeks.

"Hallos! hallos! Beg pardon, madam—or miss. In one moment, please."

It was lawyer Higbee, bustling in with his hands full of papers and a pen over his left ear.

"Well, Goldacre, what's wanting?" he asked, slapping the young man familiarly on the back.

Medora started, half doubting the lawyer's sanity; but the young man seemed no ways disconcerted.

"Oh, I dropped in to bring my answer to that will business. The lady is welcome to the money. I shall refuse, of course."

"Tut, tut, man; don't be in such a hurry," cried the bustling lawyer shrewdly. "Give the lady a chance first. Perhaps she will refuse."

"Not a bit of it," was the smiling answer.

"I could tell by her looks she intended to snap at the golden bait like a trout after a fly."

"Indeed, sir!" and Medora's voice fairly quivered with indignation.

"You can judge by this whether I meant to snap 'at the bait.'"

And she flung the letter down before her astonished auditors.

Mr. Goldacre was the first to recover his self-possession.

"So it seems you were en masque as well as myself," he returned coolly.

"Under the circumstances, Miss Vincent, I claim the privilege of reversing my decision."

"I shall not," retorted Medora.

"I refused you when I thought you were a grizly old ogre, and I refuse you now."

And she flounced indignantly from the room.

Before she reached her room, however, she was in a more penitent mood.

"He was handsome," she declared, with a bashful look.

"And I'd marry him if he was as poor as Job's turkey, only——"

"Only what?" said a voice at her ear, and the subject of her thoughts stood beside her.

"You were talking aloud to yourself, and so did not hear me," he explained.

"But now, cousin Dora—for we are distant cousins, you know—won't you reverse that decision after all?

"Since you have refused me, and the property is all mine," he added wickedly, "you can't accuse me of mercenary motives, you know."

And, softened by his pleading, Medora finally consented to say "yes."

"And so it's a-ending jest right, after all," commented worthy Mrs. Vincent delightedly, as she read a second letter more satisfactory than the first.

"And Medory's a-goin' to send a hull box of pervisions, and a bran-new silk frock apiece.

"How thankful we ought to be."

And so they were, all but Jane, who felt aggrieved that aunt Polly had not left her money to her.

DEATH FROM CARELESSNESS.—A lady had an inveterate habit of dropping needles on the floor while at work, and neglecting to pick them up, and became a victim of her own carelessness.

One morning she stepped upon a rusty needle while she was dressing. It penetrated her foot, a large piece broke off in the flesh, and could not be drawn out. She did not think of danger, but in a little time lockjaw set in, and she died in great agony.

A Catholic priest, not long ago, suffered from similar carelessness.

He was accustomed to put away his steel pens with the points upward after using them in writing. Friends had often remonstrated against this want of neatness, and its possible danger, but he laughingly replied:

"It is my way, and doesn't trouble me."

But one evening in the dusk, he struck the palm of his hand, inadvertently, against a pen, and it penetrated deep into the flesh. The next day he felt unwell. The doctor was called, and said it might be blood-poisoning from the pen.

The day after the hand and arm began to swell, and occasioned intense pain, and in eight days the man was dead. The careless habit had proved fatal.

MOSQUITOES.—Mosquitoes are said to be the remains of an ogress who lived on children, and went about with a basket to gather them up and take them home to roast. This person was surrounded by a number of youngsters, who pushed her into the fire she had prepared for them. Her ashes were turned into mosquitoes, which now torment mankind.

LADY BEAUTIFIERS.—Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks, and, sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial will convince proof.

Scientific and Useful.

SATIN PAPER.—Some paper used for covering small articles of elegance by shopkeepers on the Continent of Europe, and especially in the West End of London, closely resembles satin. Ordinary paper, covered with asbestos powder, dyed to any desirable shade and properly fixed on with weak gum gives the satin effect.

POISON.—Poison of any kind swallowed will be at once thrown from the stomach by drinking half a glass of warm water in which a teaspoonful of ground mustard has been stirred. As soon as vomiting ceases drink a cup of strong coffee in which has been put the white of an egg. This neutralizes any remains of the poison which the mustard may have left.

LIME IN BLASTING.—The use of lime in blasting coal, which has been adopted in many English and Belgian mines, has been successfully tried in a mine in this state. The lime is formed by pressure into cartridges about four inches long, which are placed in the hole drilled in the coal. Water is then introduced with a force pump, and the steam generated by the action of the water on the lime causes an expansion which cracks the coal.

BEE MACHINE.—A Wisconsin woman has invented a labor-saving machine for the benefit of bees, and little honey makers of her acquaintance are enabled to improve the shining hours to much greater advantage than bees less kindly favored. A sheet of wax run through the machine is indented in exact imitation of honeycomb, and when placed in the hives the little workers have nothing to do but to gather sweets enough to fill the ready-made receptacle.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—The remedies for sleeplessness, it is found, must be varied according to its causes. If occasioned by grief, morphia, narcien and codein are prescribed: if from nervousness or arterial excitement, bromide of potassium, if the patient is not anæmic. If the cause is pure nervousness, chloroform in small quantities can be applied. Hydrate of chloral suits nearly all cases where there is no dyspepsia, or heart disease. Sleeplessness in the aged or in debilitated persons requires tonics, such as wine bitters and the like.

TEXTILE FABRICS.—To ascertain if any textile fabric is of vegetable or animal material take a small piece of it and hold it near the glowing coals. Cotton or linen fibres will burn with flame and leave only a slight ash. Woolen or silk fibres will not blaze, but smoulder until reduced to a heavy ash. Another method is to put some of the threads, separated into small fibres, into boiling nitric acid. Silk will turn to bright yellow, wool to a darker yellow, and cotton or flax will remain colorless. If the fibres are boiled with the acid awhile the proportion of vegetable or animal material can be judged by the amount of colored and colorless threads.

Farm and Garden.

HERBS FOR WINTER USE.—Herbs for winter use should be gathered when the plants are in flower. Just as the flowers begin to fade is considered to be the best time to harvest them.

GRAPES.—A prominent Californian, who has fifty acres in the raisin grape, says whenever grapes become unprofitable for raisins he can make money by feeding them to hogs. He contends that grapes will fatten hogs faster than any known food—from two to three pounds per day.

BLACK WALNUT.—The scarcity and high price of black walnut timber should induce farmers to cultivate this valuable tree. Young men especially should pay attention to the culture of black walnut. There are always places on the farm where they can be grown, which are not occupied by other products.

PETROLEUM.—A writer in the *Country Gentleman* recommends the soaking of the wood composing a summer house in crude petroleum, saying it will make any common wood nearly or about as durable as cedar, besides imparting to it a rich brown color. It would be an excellent idea to apply the same preservative to trellises, etc., on lawns.

HORSE-SHOES.—A correspondent says that young horses should never have shoes imposed upon them until it is well proved that they cannot do without them. He predicts that the day is not far off when some humane benefactor of his kind and horse kind will produce a breed of horses having such firm, tough feet, in addition to all other good qualities, that shoeing will be unnecessary.

FRUIT TREES.—One advantage in planting fruit trees by roadsides is found in the fact that they are less liable to attack from insects. It is believed that the road dust is helpful in driving insects away. If this theory be true, dusting trees in orchards with lime should prove effectual. Ashes are still better, where they can be had as in ripening fruit a considerable amount of potash is always required.

PEACH LEAVES.—Peach leaves are poisonous, and often prove fatal when eaten by animals. The leaves are said to contain prussic acid, and a number of instances are recorded of sheep being killed by eating them. Instances have occurred in which cattle and sheep have been poisoned by eating the leaves of the wild cherry. It has been said that the leaves of the cultivated cherry are free from poison until they have wilted; but cases have been known in which the green leaves have proved poisonous and fatal to animals.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 26, 1885.

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GETTING ALONG.

This simple phrase involves one's whole life, and it may be that as few lives are alike, all cannot get along in the same way. But there are certain roads that, carefully followed, will make traveling best and safest, if not easiest, and certain sign-posts by which it is well to guide our feet.

In going along do not be desirous to have things done quickly; do not look at small advantages. Desire to have things done quickly prevents their being done thoroughly. Looking at small advantages prevents great affairs from being accomplished. If you have great talents, industry will improve them; moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing can be attained without it.

A mind, by knowing itself and its proper powers and virtues, becomes free and independent. It sees its hindrances and obstructions, and finds they are wholly from itself, and from opinions wrongly conceived. The more it conquers in this respect (be it in the best particular), the more it is its own natural liberty, and congratulates itself on its own advancement and prosperity.

In the way of life trouble comes to all. But adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious. At such times it may be a trifle difficult, but it is always wise to make an effort at looking on everything in the best possible humor. Nothing is so effective towards smoothing the roughness of the way. Good humor is to the mind what good health is to the body, putting a man in the capacity of enjoying everything that is agreeable to life, and of using every faculty without clog or impediment. It disposes to contentment with our lot, to benevolence to all men, to sympathy with the distressed. It presents every object in the most favorable light, and disposes us to avoid giving or taking offence. There is a disposition opposite to good humor, which we call bad humor, of which the tendency is directly contrary, and therefore in trying to get along its influence is as malignant as that of the other is salutary. Bad humor alone is enough to make a man unhappy; it tinges every object with its own dismal color, and, like a part that is galled, is hurt by everything that touches it. It takes offence where none was meant, and leads to envy and to malevolence.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE French Government has introduced into elementary schools the study of dressmaking, and has provided means for the instruction of teachers, all expenses being defrayed for them, while they have in Paris a twenty days' course of lessons in cutting and fitting. Not merely are the pupils thus enabled to wear better dresses, but they are taught economy in material.

—

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, the London surgeon, recognizes in fish a combination of all the elements of food that the human body requires in almost every phase of life, more especially by those who follow sedentary employment. To women he considers fish to be an invaluable article of diet, but he scouts as a complete fallacy the notion that fish-eating increases the brain-power. "The only action fish had on the brain was to put a man's body into proper relations with the work he had to do."

—

A VERY curious thing about deaf mutes is the rapidity with which they learn the meaning and use of slang words and phrases. The ordinary street language of the day seems to be just as familiar to them as it is to people whose organs of hearing are not impaired, and they will say, in their own way, "You bet your boots!" or "You bet your sweet life!" with as much ease and grace as if they had it at their tongue's end all their lives. They not only use slang in writing, but also in their sign language.

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IN Mexico nearly every one is a smoker. The school children who have done well in their studies are rewarded by being allowed to smoke a cigar as they stand or sit at their lessons. The schoolmaster is seldom without a cigar in his mouth. In the law courts all persons commonly enjoy their tobacco freely, and even the accused in a criminal trial is not denied this indulgence, but is allowed, if his cigarette goes out in the heat of the argument, to light it again by borrowing that of the officer who stands by his side to guard him.

—

ONE-THIRD of the population of the Union is contained within the boundaries of five States, which form a compact section of the country between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi River. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois have over 17,000,000 inhabitants, according to the census of 1880, and if Missouri is added to the chain—making twenty millions of inhabitants—the six largest States in the Union are found to form one unbroken band. In variety of resources and business interests, as well as in strength of population, they are of themselves an empire of no small magnitude.

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THE French medical journals have recently been discussing the relation of the teeth to the brain, and their conclusions are of considerable importance to all brain-workers. It seems to have been clearly established that excessive and prolonged mental labor causes the teeth to decay by consuming the phosphates which would otherwise nourish the dental structures; and a noted French doctor therefore recommends that parents and guardians should pay close attention to the condition of the teeth of those under their care, and should, when any signs of premature decay are noticed, give their charges a holiday.

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A NOTABLE method of teaching physical geography is in use in Germany. In the court behind the school building is a physical map of the country, between 300 and 400 feet long. It is made of turf and rock, and is bordered with pebbles, which look at a little distance much like water. Every inlet, river and mountain is reproduced in this model with a fidelity to detail which is wonderful. Latitude and longitude are indicated by telegraph wires, and tablets show the position of the cities. Ingenious devices are employed in illustrating botanical studies also. For example, the pine is illustrated by a picture showing the cone, leaf and dissected flower set in a frame which shows the bark and longitudinal and transverse sections of the wood.

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THE bill brought into the French chamber to render more rigorous the law of affiliation has just drawn from Alexandre Dumas a pamphlet which is an eloquent plea for the illegitimate. Dumas' proposals on this point are that every unmarried man who is proved to be the father of a child which he has abandoned to the care of the mother, shall be compelled to adopt the child, and to educate it in accordance with his own position in society, and that every man who, being married, is unable to adopt, or, being without means, is unable to support the child, shall be condemned to from two to five years' imprisonment. The clergymen are in its favor, while the lawyers deride it as impracticable. But Dumas is convinced that the novelists, as being learned in human nature, are trustworthier guides with regard to this question than those who are only learned in the law.

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THE United States is not the only country in which there exists a class of people who yearn for titles to which they have no claim, although that charge is frequently alleged against it. The Belgian police recently called on about two hundred persons in Brussels who have been accustomed to put coronets on their note-paper, and curtly informed them that unless they discontinued the practice they would be prosecuted as impostors. "Thereupon," says the St. James' Gazette, "some amusing little comedies were involuntarily acted. The Comtesse de X., who had sent out cards for a grand dinner-party, was obliged to follow them up with entreaties to her friends to address their replies to plain Madame X.; and poor Baron Z., who on the strength of his butterfly title had wooed some rich merchant's daughter, had to confess that he was a sham, and to make way for a more eligible suitor."

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An English woman in Chicago engaged in teaching calisthenics, lays down the following as cardinal principles in the art of walking: "To walk upon the ball instead of upon the heel of the foot. Nine out of every ten persons walk upon the heel. It communicates a jar to the spine which is very injurious, while placing the ball of the foot down first, if persisted in, will result in a gliding and graceful walk. The English and French are the most graceful walkers, because their mothers give them proper teaching when they are young. All of the bad walks which characterise the Americans and Germans are due to the fact that no care is taken with them when they are infants. They are allowed to walk before their limbs are strong enough to support them, and they are also left a great deal to themselves. The mothers should guide them and teach them to walk, and they would not be so knock-kneed and bow-legged."

—

IT'S a good thing to get rich, and to get very rich, too, while you're about it. But it's not a good thing in the process of getting rich to lose the power of enjoying money in any other way than that of getting more money. Some very much money-eyed men do that thing, and the result is they are obliged to keep on making more money because they are not able to enjoy themselves in any other way. Now, this is not a reliable kind of enjoyment, because there's only a certain amount of money in this country, or even in this world, and when one man, or a few men, get hold of it all, as from present appearance a few are likely to do, why then there will be nothing left for them but to try and skin each other, as they have skinned the public, and even this can't last. It is said that America contains more rich men, whose only source of recreation is to get richer, than any country in the world? Couldn't some sort of school be established to teach some of our rich men other sources of enjoyment before they, with the older Dives, lift up their eyes in torment?

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IN connection with the current talk about the opening of new careers to women, the Pall Mall Gazette thinks that a lady whose mode of life recently occupied the common pleas division deserves no little credit. She had devoted her more mature years to the study of law, and more particularly to the law of breach of promise. The novelty of her case consisted in the number of actions which she managed to run at the same time. In her last case the unsusceptible jury awarded her only $50, but on her cross-examination in that case she confessed to having just sued another gentleman whom she "really loved," in spite of his seventy winters, and from whom she had obtained $500 damages. In a third case she is believed to have been more successful still, having induced the defendant to compromise it by a payment of $3,000. It is perhaps in view of the enterprise of this lady and of others who are carrying on a like lucrative industry, that an English judge remarked in court the other day that he was not at all surprised that many people advocated the abolition of actions for breach of promise.

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"IT is easy to foresee," says a writer, "that we are now entering upon a time when electricity will be introduced for useful service into almost every home—even the humblest. The electric light is destined to be one of the illuminants of the future, in one form or another; and with the supply of the electric current for lighting purposes throughout a town or village will come a great many other applications of it; the ringing of the electric bells, and the working of such devices as fire and burglar alarms. There is, indeed, no end to the things which may be done by electricity, once it is supplied to houses like gas or water; for it is the most versatile of all the forces, and can be employed at will to generate heat, light, chemical decomposition and mechanical power. The self-same current which lights our lamp will boil our kettle, plate our spoons and drive our sewing-machine. It will tell us if fire has broken out in any room, if frost is too severe in the conservatory, if the water level is too low in the cistern. It will regulate our clocks, call our servants within the house, or bring assistance from without; and it will guard us from the nocturnal intrusion of any visitor who has a fancy for our valuables and no acquaintance with the family.

A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

BY I. G. L.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
  Streamlets swell the river's flow!
Rivers join the mountain billows,
  Onward, onward, as they go!
Life is made of smaller fragments,
  Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we, with greatest profit,
  Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
  Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
  And the minutes make the hours;
Let us hasten then and catch them
  As they pass us on the way;
And with honest true endeavor
  Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
  Call a verse from every page;
Here a line and there a sentence,
  'Gainst the lonely time of age;
At our work, or by the wayside,
  While the sunshine's making hay,
Thus we may, by help of study,
  Learn a little every day

Bessie's Betrothed.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

A LOW, irregular line of houses straggled somehow into a square, with here and there a jutting gable frowning forward, as if resenting the attempt at regularity.

Gothic, Tudor, and Saxon seemed to have had an equal part in this strange medley of buildings; while, as if to add to this chaos of construction, the Rector's house looked down upon the group from the hill above, and brought your mind at once to the froward frets of the great queen.

Strange how the mind of a people will stamp itself upon even sticks and stones!

This square, which was mildly frowned upon by the Rector's house, was the abode of some fifty gentlewomen—"the wives of clergymen, being of good repute, whom ye Countess of Glencower hath minded herself to do God's service, by affording them shelter, and food, and raiment, until it shall please the Almighty to take them unto himself."

In the valley below, there stretched from the hill-side a waving mass of larch and pine, and rustling sycamore, folding in their emerald embrace the dark fells and white-frothed coursing of a nimble rivulet.

As you turned this winding road to the right, up the hill towards the rectory, the old church, with its ruined architecture, raised its spires before you, calling to mind the time when Canute lifted the banner of Christ against the black Raven of the North.

It was an ancient, sleepy village, which had scarce changed in all the rolling years; and one might even have supposed the worm-eaten gate leading to the church-yard coeval with the times afore gone, since post and rail seemed to have long gone past their office.

Leaning against the rail was a maiden of some eighteen years of age, her bright, piquant face half turned against the setting sun. A light, dull-gray cashmere gown, fitting closely to her figure, was relieved only by a faint pale rose-bud at her throat.

Most women are pretty in the eyes of men, and all can captivate if they but rely on that softness which is their nature, and not seek to win a tawdry appearance by aping the masculine.

Man yields his admiration to this for a moment, and resents it in his heart much as the woman resents in the stern sex any approach to effeminacy.

Bessie Lee was a woman and a child, she scarce knew her own heart, hardly comprehended for what else the Supreme Being had formed her, save to be dainty in all her ways, and drink in each day the sweet homage of man.

She loved, for woman's nature is to love, and the excess of that divine passion, as yet unfulfilled within her, outpoured itself upon every one with whom she came in contact.

She could not help loving. It was her instinct, and she obeyed it. The aged gentlewomen of the home, full of bye-gone years, and bitterness for the present, felt their gall turned to honey as she ministered to their wants; and the laborer ceased to think of the deadly toil which hungry mouths caused him, if Bessie Lee came but near to warm him into better manhood.

This was her instinct, her better nature. She could not help doing good; but books had taught her other things, and beyond all that she had conceived an ideal of love from the frothy dreams of romancers.

Life is not made of romance, Bessie had woven her future of roses and sunshine.

Thus much for her character. Her form and face were perfect. She was the daughter of one of the inhabitants of the refuge.

By her side stood a tall, grave man of some seven or eight-and-twenty, speaking in a low, earnest voice upon some theme to which the girl seemed to pay but petulant attention.

"Life has romance enough in it for all of us, dear Bessie," he said, "if we but gild each morning with the sunshine of an honest endeavor.

"I know—I know, dear," she replied; "but life cannot be all bread and cheese, and solemn word and solemn mode.

"Oh, Ralph! I should die if I couldn't have excitement, and you have drawn such a gloomy picture."

"Is it gloomy, then, dear, to be the associate and helpmate of one who, God being his help, honestly endeavors to do his duty. I cannot paint the life of a poor London doctor to you in glowing colors, Bessie.

If I did I would be untrue to you myself."

"You are trying me very hard, Ralph," she said, turning her face hastily, that he might not see the angry tear which rose to her eyes.

He looked at her wistfully and sadly, slightly relaxing the pressure he had placed upon her tiny hand.

After all, he thought, was this dainty, petulant village maid the one to buffet the billows of life's great ocean.

Could he ever make the delicate child understand him, and be to him in all that second self, lacking which in the great business of life no man is perfect.

Was it fair, was it honest, to her or to him, to tear up this primrose, and kill it with the deadly town air?

He could not say. His heart would only moan back in answer to reason—"I love her—I love her!"

Yet, as stern stuff was in the man, he could not show it to her save in his earnestness and his manhood.

Ralph Braybrook's heart had no room for jealousy; but a numb pain tugged at his heart-strings when he saw her turn away from his society to mix with some nimbler-tongued youth, when, as if the load of his sombre shadow being taken off her, she could laugh with the best.

He could have cried then in very bitterness, "Pray thee, weep, May Lilian," for this constant "gaiety without eclipse;" but he was not a man to wear his heart on his sleeve, and many a time had he turned away murmuring, "Poor child, she is so young! so young!"

He had known her from childhood with that brotherly intimacy so dangerous for a man, so fatal to a woman's love.

She had for years past regarded Ralph in the light of her protector, who would in process of time become her husband.

He was her mother's friend, almost the only being whom she could lean on in the world; and so, when in his grave, quiet way Ralph had proposed, it hardly cost her a flutter of the heart to say "Yes," and the rich blood scarce crimsoned her bright young face.

She had—ah! fatal words—"grown so used to him."

He came down to the quiet village to see them but rarely, for it was a poor, crowded neighborhood where he had his practice, and the poor are exacting; but he always talked hopefully and cheerfully in his own grave way of the little home to which he hoped to bring his bride.

Of late he had noticed a strange apathy about her which alarmed him even more than her childish petulance, and it was his trying to seek the cause of it which led to the conversation above.

"Trying you hard!" he said, "I do not understand. Bessie, dear, I try to understand you, but I cannot."

"No; it is that—you cannot," she said, "and some men are like that, I suppose, playing with women's feelings as they would with a little baby, hurting it to death nearly with their unconscious brute-playfulness.

"You don't understand me—you never will understand me, and it is better that you should cease trying."

Had some unseen hand plunged a dagger into his bosom he could not have turned so deadly pale.

"Bessie! Bessie!" he moaned, "don't say that."

The cry was the short, quick cry of agony, and she turned her averted head to him, and would have sprung to his arms, but ere she could frame an excuse for her words, his pride leaped to relieve his bitter anguish.

He drew himself up coldly, while drops of ice-cold perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"Be it as you wish then, Bessie," he said. "I am not one to compel a gentlewoman to an alliance against her wish."

Ere she could realize it he was gone, and she was left stunned and stupefied at the effect of her own words.

Gone, her protector gone! her girlhood's companion parted from her for ever! It could not be!

"He never loved me!" she said bitterly; "and now I know well he never loved me!"

"What, Miss Lee! and sitting like Dido?" cried a voice; "am I *mal a propos*, or may I act the role of comforter?"

She looked up, and saw the handsome, sunny face of Lord Ellesmere looking down upon her.

"Give me leave to speak, Miss Lee," he said, dropping his voice to a low, impassioned tone, "I would not jar upon your feelings for the world.

"I see you are in grief; let me sympathize with you—believe me, your grief robs me of all joy."

She suffered him to place her hand upon his arm and lead her away; suffered him perhaps, because sympathy is most dear to us all; and he had come to her in her hour of weakness.

She knew Lord Ellesmere as handsome, gay, and witty, but a man against receiving the attentions of whom Ralph had often warned her.

"I will show Ralph," she mused, as she suffered the young nobleman to lead her along towards the wood, "that he is not altogether so indispensable to me as he imagines!"

And in this way she made an effort to arouse herself from her sadness, until presently she had forgotten Ralph altogether, and was listening, breathless with interest, to accounts of the great world and its fine ladies.

What a change this must be from the life of a poor doctor's drudge in a crowded East-end practice!

"You must be very happy with so much gaiety, Lord Ellesmere," she said with a sigh.

"Who can be happy without the one thing alone which constitutes true happiness? Ah! Miss Lee—Bessie—let me call you Bessie?—if you could only know how, sick of all this gaiety, I have yearned for you!

"Night after night have I slipped away from my gay companions, that I might see your shadow; Bessie, I love you, madly, devotedly! Come with me; be my wife; and you shall outshine them all—wealth, talent, birth, shall bow before you, for you will be my queen!"

And she, poor fool, thinking of her revenge, and intoxicated with her triumph, accepted him, and suffered herself to be drawn towards the flame, as many a silly moth had been before.

It was night ere she reached home, accompanied by her new lover, intoxicated with praise and triumph.

"He was a lover!" she kept repeating to herself, "noble and witty, and passionately devoted.

"Did not love flash out upon her from his great blue eyes, and did he not show her a thousand little attentions, of which Ralph had never thought?"

So she twisted the great diamond engagement ring, which Lord Ellesmere had given her, around her finger, and dreamed her dream.

He had asked her to keep their engagement secret until he could obtain his father's consent, and she had promised.

Otherwise what pleasure she would have had in saying, "Ralph Braybrook chose to leave me, and I accepted Lord Ellesmere."

"Bessie," cried her mother; "in the name of everything you love, child, what have you suffered to come between you and Ralph?"

"We have quarrelled, mother, and the match is broken off," said Bessie, setting her lips defiantly.

"Oh, my child, my child!" cried her mother; "do not play fast and loose with an honest affection like his. He is almost broken hearted. Remember, men are not to be treated like toys; they have feelings which must be respected."

"And so have women, mother," said the girl; "ask me no more.

"I have done with Ralph."

But for all that her conscience smote, and once or twice she had almost resolved to write to Ralph, and make it up.

In the morning, however, came a splendid bouquet and a passionate note from his lordship; so she allowed herself to drift with the current.

A month passed.

Bessie was haggard and pale, and yet persuaded herself that she was desperately in love with Lord Ellesmere.

One afternoon she received a note from her lover, urging her to meet him by the poacher's oak in Ellesmere Park.

It was their usual trysting-place.

It was pouring with rain when she started, and showed every indication of a stormy afternoon.

But something unusual about the note seemed to demand her attendance on the spot.

When she arrived there she found him pacing up and down in the most agitated manner.

"All is discovered, Bessie, my darling!" he said, rushing to embrace her; "you must aid me or I am lost."

"How?" she cried terrified.

"You must away to London with me at once.

"I have got a special license; once married, I fear nothing; the estate is entailed, and I will soon persuade my father to forget his anger."

"Oh, Reginald!" she cried, "alone."

"Certainly, darling," he said; "now—this instant! I have no time to wait, for even now my father is posting down from London."

"I dare not, Reginald," she said, clinging close to him, for the storm had now burst with such violence that it terrified her; "I am afraid;" and then suddenly she released herself, and drew back, looking at him with a new-born fear.

"Afraid of what?" he said. "I call God to witness that I mean to be true to you; if not, may this lightning strike me dead."

Then there came a blinding glare of light, a horrid crashing of branches.

Lord Ellesmere lay at her feet, and a man dashing through the trees caught the shrieking girl in his arms and bore her away.

It was Ralph, who had sought refuge from the storm in the woods, and witnessed the meeting.

Months passed ere Bessie recovered that fearful shock, and, if it took some of the joyousness and giddiness out of her life, it made her a fitter companion for her first betrothed.

In Her Sleep.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

I CAN do it, and I will."

The speaker was a girl of twenty, with a straight, round, healthy figure, and a singularly combined face—dark skin, dark eyes, and golden lashes and hair.

The tawny, glittering hair, pushed behind the ears and then knotted simply, was something wonderful.

But Annice Luther did not know it, else I think she might have been pretty well tempted long before to have sold it.

They were so poor—the Luthers of Stonefield!

She was the eldest of the children; the next—a boy—had died in a time of great privation and hardship, and after him were a swarm of little ones—Neil and Kitty, Dick and Jenny, and little Dill.

It is strange that poor people always have the most children; but their father loved them, and toiled for them, until he, too, succumbed to hard winters, much exposure and spare food, at Stonefield.

His grandfather had lived off the place—at least, he had not died until seventy, being of an unusually tough fibre, and less sensitive to depression than Richard Luther—and the latter had existed under the delusion that he could; but Annice, for one, knew that life there was slow starvation.

She would gladly have gone away; but it would never do for Annice to leave her widowed mother and the little ones.

Yet that morning, standing by the small-paned window of the old farmhouse, in her thin gingham dress, a striking, unconscious figure, she resolved what she would do.

"Mother!"

"Yes, dear," responded the pale, little woman sewing by the scant fire on the open hearth, with a child asleep across her knees.

"Is there any flour in the house?"

"No."

"Any meal?"

"Not much."

"Nor potatoes, nor meat, nor wood, nor flannel, nor anything to make us comfortable this winter. "Mother, we can't go on so.

"We shall surely be ill, and the children, perhaps, will die."

"Oh, Annice, don't!"

"You know it is true, mother.

"It is November, and the children running bare-foot.

"Benny caught his death that way; and it's the reason why Jenny has the croup."

The mother was silent; only a tear fell down on little Dill's silky-flaxen hair.

"I know I help at home, mother; but I could help more away.

"You have never been willing to let me go into the city; but Mrs. Henderson wants a girl now. It is only over the hill, and I am going.

"Listen, mother!" hurriedly. "She gives two dollars and a half a week to a person capable of doing the housework at the Mallows. Think what that would do for us."

"And you think you can serve Mrs. Henderson at the Mallows?" incredulously.

"I can try, mother."

"That great house and farm? And she is particular to a hair."

"I can try, mother."

"No other help; but a score of farm-hands to be fed, cows to milk, butter to make. Such baking and scouring, and washing and ironing. You can never do it, Annice."

But even as she expostulated, her mother relaxed her opposition.

She did not think what the money would do for the little ones; for herself she had long ceased to care.

She lived only in them.

The long conference ended in her consent, and Annice straightway prepared to put her plan into execution.

Never was such a home as Mrs. Henderson's.

From the garret, bristling with bunches of drying herbs, sage and saffron, sweet marjoram and summer savory to the cellar, packed with fruit, vegetables, meat in brine, and cider in barrels, all was abundance and thrift.

The Mallows, as the fertile farm of the widow was called, was a world in itself.

For twenty years she had managed all—been at the beginning and end of everything—and prosperity had attended her every footstep.

She exulted in this, and as she had been unsparing of herself, she was unsparing of others.

A maid at the Mallows must work very hard, under the ever-vigilant eye of a most exacting mistress.

What she herself could do, and had done, Mrs. Henderson demanded of others.

If others faltered or failed, they were promptly thrust aside, and she put her own hand to the plough.

She brewed the best beer, and made the best bread in the neighborhood; her butter and cheese always drew a prize at the fair; and she managed the best farm, and had raised the handsomest son in the county.

Gerald Henderson was quite as smart and very much less aggressive than his mother.

His eyes were blue and kindly, while hers were black and piercing; and now that he was over one-and-twenty, she had determined that he should marry the only daughter of their rich neighbor, Marcia Kent.

Annice saw her when she first went to the Mallows—a handsome, hoydenish girl just from boarding-school.

Marcia hated school, and had come home to run about her father's farm like a colt.

But Annice gave little thought to others—she was wholly occupied with her tasks.

So absorbed was she in them, so determined to accomplish all, that even Mrs. Henderson's sharp scrutiny failed to detect a flaw, and she sometimes said—

"You do very well."

This scanty meed of praise was all that brightened the long winter days for Annice.

Up at four in the morning, going back and forth in the great kitchen until nine at night, Annice's brief time of sleep was like a trance, so utterly tired was she.

"You've help after your own heart now, haven't you, mother?"

Gerald Henderson said that, one evening, as he lighted his bed-room candle.

His eyes had been attracted by the glittering, golden braids, as Annice had bent to the light, "setting" a great batch of bread.

The girl had gone out of the great kitchen now, and they could hear her down in the cellar, getting the potatoes for breakfast.

"She did very well at first. A new broom sweeps clean," remarked Mrs. Henderson, scrutinizing the ironing of the great piles of unbleached sheets, which had been recently prepared under her swift needle.

"And now?"

"Now she doesn't do near so well.

"There are wrinkles in this new cloth; and the girl seemed half asleep yesterday, when mixing the dough for the pudding."

"Perhaps she was tired."

"I notice she doesn't put her strength to scouring the tins as she did, and to-day she forgot to turn the cheeses."

"Ah, well, mother, don't be too hard on her. She is young, and we are none of us perfect."

And, with an unusual sigh, Gerald left the room.

When Annice returned to the kitchen, Mrs. Henderson turned upon her sharply—

"You have forgotten the pickled-pork, and have to go again.

"That is a bad way of working. I cannot have it."

"I don't know what ails me," said Annice, involuntarily.

"I am so forgetful and my head feels so heavy."

"If you are ill, you must go home. I want no sick people about me. You did very well at first."

"I will try to do better," said Annice, startled at the thought of losing her place.

Mrs. Henderson paid her wages promptly, and at home were shoes and flannels, wood and flour now.

She went through the long passages to her little room.

It was remote from the sleeping-rooms of the other members of the family.

She set down the candle, and undid her beautiful hair before the mirror.

Her face was pale, her eyes heavy, but she did not notice.

She was thinking that twice, when she had arisen in the morning, she had found the churning done.

Of course, Mrs. Henderson had done it after she had gone to bed.

The mistress had said nothing, but Annice had felt rebuked.

And all this week the work had been getting behind.

At this rate she would be dismissed, and there would be no more money.

The tears started into her eyes.

The baking must be done to-morrow, and the spring cleaning.

And with a groan, the poor girl fell heavily upon the bed, and was instantly asleep.

But in the morning the baking was done, and Annice was ready to die of shame.

But Mrs. Henderson uttered no rebuke; instead, she was more kind than usual.

It seemed to Annice she should die if she were scolded.

She felt so ill!

She went to the well for a pail of water, and sat down weakly on the steps outside.

Gerald Henderson came and carried it in for her.

Yet she cleaned paint that day, turned beds and beat carpets.

Marcia Kent came on a visit.

She was to stay all night.

She and Gerald frolicked like two children.

"Who is that pale girl with pretty hair?" Annice heard her say.

Gerald did not seem to be in love with her.

He teased her and laughed at her.

He was not gallant or tender.

He had a gentler manner even to her—Annice.

But Mrs. Henderson said—

"They will marry by-and-by."

The next day Mrs. Henderson asked—

"You have cleaned the yellow bedroom, Annice?"

"No," said Annice.

"It is cleaned."

They looked strangely at each other.

Then four barrels of apples were picked over in the cellar, and all the rotten ones thrown out.

"I am glad you did it—that was right; but I thought we must let it go until next week.

"I did not do it," returned Annice.

There were whispers and shadowed brows.

Annice did not know what she feared.

Then, one morning, all the store of rare linen was taken from the chests, and spread upon the grass to whiten in the dew—a startling array of whiteness, and no one knew who had done it.

These facts leaked out.

There were whispers among the hired farm-hands that the house was haunted.

Mrs. Henderson was angry.

"At least, dear mother, 'tis a kindly fairy who comes, conferring benefits, not injuries," said Gerald.

"I do not like such mysteries.

"People will say we live in a haunted house.

"It will ruin the house to have the story spread."

"I will sit up to-night and watch," said Gerald.

At twelve o'clock he sat alone by the bright fire on the kitchen hearth.

All the house was still.

Suddenly Annice came softly into the kitchen.

She took two pails and went out to the well.

She filled the great kettle and set it over the fire.

Then she turned a basketful of soiled clothes upon the kitchen floor and commenced sorting them.

She did not speak or look at Gerald.

He saw that she was working in her sleep.

Her eyes, wide open, seemed to see nothing.

She went about mechanically.

She brought soap, washed the clothes, and left them in the rinsing water.

It was raining.

He saw her go to the window and listen to the rain.

It was half-past three when she came to the hearth and dried her hands before the blaze.

He woke her gently then.

He took her hand kindly, and made her sit down in his chair and rest.

Annice was much confused.

When she understood, she cried, and said that it would cost her her place, and they were so poor.

"But we will manage better than that," said Gerald kindly.

"This night work must be stopped; it is wearing you out.

"There is a little bolt on the outside of your door.

"I shall go that way to bed, and slip it as I pass by.

"In the morning I will let you out of your cage.

"The habit will soon be broken. My mother will never know. Go now, poor child, and rest."

Annice looked at him gratefully, and was not angry that he kissed her forehead.

In the morning, Mrs. Henderson cried out in vexation at the tub of clean clothes.

Marcia heard and saw, and prepared to go home.

"Don't ask me to come and see you again, Mrs. Henderson.

"I would not spend another night under the roof of a haunted house for all the world!" she cried.

"Not for Gerald's sake?"

"For nobody's sake!"

Mrs. Henderson was miserable, but Gerald seemed not less happy.

Annice grew stronger.

Her color came back.

Mrs. Henderson said that the cold weather had not agreed with her.

She affirmed that she did better, and was a good girl.

And, since Marcia would have nothing to do with Gerald, she was less averse than might have been expected when the truth came out that her son wanted to marry Annice.

"I am getting old, I do believe, and she knows my ways.

"I had rather it would be Annice than another, since Marcia——"

"I never loved Marcia, mother. I loved Annice long ago."

The wedding took place, and Stonefield felt the benefit speedily, for Gerald was bountiful in his assistance to his wife's family.

And Mrs. Henderson never knew what caused and abolished the haunting of the Mallows.

The New Teacher.

BY HENRY PLITH.

"HOW provoking!" grumbled Eric Clayton, as he took his seat at the breakfast-table.

"How provoking that I should be called away just as Allan is coming!

"I promised to help him get a school, too.

"No help for it, though, so I leave you girls to make my apologies, and do the honors of the house for my old friend.

"Many a scrape he's helped me out of at college, and I want him to enjoy his visit.

"Allen's a good fellow," he continued, breaking open a biscuit and taking a sip of coffee from his blue-flowered china cup.

"But don't fall in love with him, Val, for he's poor as—as 'pinsey,'" he added.

"Humph!

"Much danger of me falling in love with a poverty-stricken school-master!" retorted Valeria, with a scornful shrug of her shoulders.

Valeria was the beauty of the family, and put on airs accordingly.

"Why, Eric, I never heerd of folks bein' poor as pusley," put in old-fashioned cousin Abigail, who kept house for the Claytons.

"I've heerd of 'em bein' as mean as pusley, though, afore now."

Eric smiled good-naturedly.

"Say poor as black-eyed peas, then," he suggested.

"They are poor enough, in all conscience.

"But Allen has not a mean streak about him," he added, "unless it's mean to be poor."

"Oh, Eric!" cried Hilda, the youngest sister, "is he good-looking?"

"Good-looking?

"Of course.

"Handsome as Apollo, or any of those old Grecian gods.

"But I must be off, only half-an-hour to catch the train.

"Be good girls, now, and treat Allen well when he comes."

And catching up his valise, Eric hastily kissed his sister's good-bye, shook hands with cousin Abigail, and strode off.

Hilda, standing at the window a few days later, gazing at the varied woodlands, with their foliage of crimson and gold, and dun, now rapidly changing to brown, beheld a tall figure coming towards the house—the figure of a man carelessly dressed, but handsome and grave-looking, and carrying a well-worn valise.

She hurriedly smoothed her nut-brown locks, straightened her ruffled apron, and ran to open the door.

"Does Mr. Eric Clayton live here?" inquired the stranger, while a pair of deep-blued blue eyes scanned him eagerly.

"He is handsome!" thought Hilda Clayton;

"Why, Apollo couldn't hold a candle to him, I'm sure."

But aloud she answered "Yes, sir!" primly enough.

"I am a friend of his," the visitor hastened to explain.

"My name is Allen——"

"I know," interrupted Hilda.

"Eric was expecting you, but he is away from home now.

"He was obliged to leave on business, but he said you were to stay just the same, and he thinks he can get you a school when he comes back."

And she led the way to the sitting-room, drew forth a high-backed, split-bottomed rocker for the visitor's comfort, and tripped off again, in search of cousin Abby.

An amused smile showed in the young man's handsome brown eyes as Hilda disappeared.

"That cannot be the beauty Eric used to tell about," he declared to himself.

"Though she is pretty enough, too, with eyes like those shining in the sunlight."

He was introduced to Valeria at the dinner-table, but her haughty bow and arrogant manner counteracted the effect of her carmine cheek and violet-tinted eyes, and he turned from the faultless features and superb coloring, to gaze with more real admiration upon Hilda's burnished braids and soft blue eyes.

* * * * * *

A bright wood-fire was blazing in the wide-mouthed kitchen fireplace, lighting up the cozy room with its ruddy blaze, brightening the newly scoured tin pans which stood on the old-fashioned dresser, and the polished brass hoops on the tall cedar-wood churn in the corner; giving an added warmth and lustre to the gaily-striped rag-carpet on the floor, and even playing pranks with Miss Abby's brass-rimmed spectacles and shinning steel knitting-needles, that flew in and out under her busy fingers.

For some reason or other a worried look rested on Miss Abby's usually placid countenance, and she shook her head from time to time, as if in deep cogitation.

"Yes," she commented at last, giving her yarn a jerk that sent the ball rolling into the middle of the floor, "I must write to Eric.

"He kin settle it.

"Besides, it's nothin' more'n my dooty to let him know how things air a-goin' while he's away.

"Mr. Allen appears like a mighty good, honest young man, and I know Hilda thinks a powerful sight of him, but Eric knows more about him than we do.

"Valeria takes on so about her sister a-throwin' herself away on a no-'count school-teacher, and if Eric comes mebbe he kin put a stop to it, anyway."

And Miss Abby did write, the very next day.

"Come home as soon as you kin," she wrote, "fur that Mister Allen is a-courtin' your sister, and I'm that bothered I can't tell t'other from which."

* * * * * *

"Well, you are a pretty set of girls," said Eric, dashing into the dining-room, one day, "to mistake the handsome, talented, wealthy Allen Rathburn for poor, plodding, unsuccessful Jerry Allen!

"Allen Rathburn is almost fabulously wealthy, and has lately bought a sheep-farm big enough to cover ours ten times over."

Valeria's eyes sparkled excitedly at Eric's words.

It might not be too late yet. Perhaps—

But her brother's next words quenched her last hope.

"So it was you, Hilda," he said, turning to his youngest sister, who was blushing like a young Aurora, "it was you Allen was courting, after all.

"But what shall I tell him, Hilda?—for he has asked my permission to court you in earnest.

"He wants you for his wife."

Hilda's answer was unintelligible, but the wedding that took place shortly after, in which Hilda Clayton became Mrs. Allan Rathburn, showed plainly enough what her answer had been.

The day after the wedding, the real Mr. Allen made his appearance.

He was a meek-looking young man, as different from Allen Rathburn as milk and water is from wine; but he proved an excellent teacher for the school Eric obtained for him, and after awhile married one of his buxom scholars, and grew to be quite a prosperous man.

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A Conspiracy.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

JUST what I expected!" said Miss Delavigne, mournfully.

She was sitting out on the balcony, where the asters and mignonette were all a blaze of vivid color, to enjoy the sunset; but she didn't enjoy it any more, after Muriade Vail had told her the news.

There was a band playing in the little park, whose green grass and sparkling fountains formed such a pretty living picture, but she did not hear its music any longer.

"Married!" said Miss Delavigne, lifting her hands and drawing a sepulchral sigh.

"Married!

"Does the whole world think, and dream, and trouble itself about nothing else?"

"I'm very sorry, aunt," said Muriade, but——"

"No you are not," said Miss Delavigne.

"Don't begin, at this late day, to tell me falsehoods."

"I don't mean that I am sorry because I've promised to marry Tom," said Muriade, with a bright spot on each cheek, "because that would be a falsehood.

"No, indeed, I'm not sorry.

"But I mean I'm vexed to disappoint you, aunt."

Muriade Vail was a dark, Spanish-eyed girl, with brows like two arches, a red, cherry-cleft mouth, and the most roguish of dints, scarcely large enough to be dignified with the name of dimple, that came and went in a capricious fashion in her chin.

She stood, with folded hands and head slightly drooped, before the prim, elderly lady, whose black silk dress resolved itself into such perfect folds, and whose iron-grey curls hung so precisely on either side of her face.

"Didn't I take you when you were seven years old, and bring you up as a young lady should be brought up?" sadly demanded Miss Delavigne.

"Yes, aunt."

"And haven't I had you educated at Mademoiselle Melisse's, with extra piano lessons, and your voice cultivated at half-a-guinea a lesson?" went on the old lady.

"Yes, aunt."

"And," severely went on the catechist, "just as you were getting to be a real companion for me, in my advancing years, you forget all this, and run off with Tom Whitworth."

"I haven't run off with him, aunt!" flashed out Muriade, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

"But you would, if you could wring a consent from me, you know you would," said Miss Delavigne.

"You would scramble down a ladder, or climb out of a fourth-story window."

"I love him, aunt," said Muriade, earnestly, "and he loves me."

"Rubbish!" said aunt Delavigne, with an energy which nearly tipped her eye-glasses from her Roman nose.

"You mean that he loves your expectations.

"He loves the idea of inheriting my money and this house, and all the shares in the silver mines.

"That's the beginning and the end of it!"

"Never, aunt!" cried poor Muriade.

"That's well," grimly pronounced Miss Delavigne; "because I've my own ideas on the subject.

"I don't know that I'm at all too old to marry myself."

"Aunt!" exclaimed Muriade, in surprise.

"Why not?" said Miss Delavigne.

"I suppose there can be old fools as well as young ones."

"But," pleaded Muriade, "are you in earnest?"

"Why shouldn't I be in earnest?"

"Aunt," burst out Muriade, "is it Major Larkington? Is it?

"Oh, I know it is! And oh, aunt, dear, I do so hope you will be happy!

"And Major Larkington is perfectly splendid, since he got his new teeth; only, aunt, those tedious stories of his about the war—won't you get tired of them, if you're obliged to hear them every day?"

Miss Delavigne looked in some perplexity at her niece.

She had supposed that this hint would have filled Muriade with dismay and disappointment.

But on the contrary that young damsel appeared to accept the idea as the most natural thing in the world.

And Tom Whitworth, chancing, entirely by accident, of course, to come in just about that time, coincided in Muriade's view of affairs entirely.

"The jolliest thing I ever heard of!" declared Tom, who was a fair-complexioned young Saxon, with curly, yellow locks, a blonde moustache and superb teeth—which latter was a fortunate circumstance, because Tom Whitworth was always laughing.

"It's a regular middle-aged romance!"

"I dare say," said Miss Delavigne primly.

"But what do you say to somebody else getting all my money."

"Dear me!" said Tom, lifting his blonde brows.

"It was Muriade I wanted, not your money, Miss Delavigne.

"Of course, if you chose to leave it to us, after you had done with it, it would have been very acceptable.

"Ready cash always comes handy. Now, you know that, Muriade as well as I do,"

in response in a warning gesture from his fiancee.

"But——"

"Oh, Tom, you are such a bungler!" said Muriade, half laughing, half crying.

"Well, perhaps I am," confessed Tom.

"But I want Miss Delavigne to understand the whole thing.

"The money is hers, and we don't grudge it to her.

"And we're ready to work for our own, arn't we, Muriade?

"I'm not rich, but my office brings me two thousand a year, and we're both going to economize like everything—aren't we, Muriade.

"And Major Larkington's a brick, and we hope you'll be happy, exactly as we're going to be."

And Tom Whitworth squeezed Miss Delavigne's hand until the old lady cried out for mercy.

"And now, aunt," said Muriade, radiantly, "when is the wedding to be?

"And why haven't you said anything about it before?"

Miss Delavigne hesitated a little.

She blushed.

Apparently she did not know what to say on the spur of the moment.

"Well," she faltered, "Major Larkington did say something about the twentieth of December."

"Christmas time!" exclaimed Muriade.

"Oh, Tom, how perfectly delightful!

"Couldn't we manage to have our wedding at the same time?"

"No," said Tom stoutly.

"We must be married on the first of December.

"You said we should, Muriade, and you mustn't go back of your word."

"But, Tom, it would only be three weeks."

"Three weeks or three days," stoutly maintained Tom, "you promised me, and I can't let you off."

"Well, then, you obstinate fellow," said Miss Vail, "we can be back from our trip just in time to dance at aunt Delavigne's wedding."

"Agreed!" and Tom, looking very happy indeed.

Apparently the young couple were in no wise discomforted at the idea of going to housekeeping on a capital of love, and love alone.

Tom began to look diligently around among dim old auction rooms, and musty second-hand stores, to find something astounding cheap and delightfully comfortable, wherewith to garnish the small cottage which he had decided to take a little out of town, so as to economize in the article of rent.

And Muriade joined a cooking-class, made herself a bib-apron, and began to come down into Miss Delavigne's kitchen to experiment in pies and puddings, dainty little tea-biscuit, and salad which might have tempted an anchorite to break his vows.

And she studied up the question of polishing brasses, cleaning plate glass, mending china, and darning table-linen, with notable earnestness.

And she was more affectionate than ever with her aunt.

"Because," she told Tom, "there is something so pathetic about aunt Delavigne's happiness, coming so strangely in the autumn of her life.

"And I'm afraid, Tom—now don't tell anybody—that Major Larkington is only going to marry her for her money.

"For he is certainly ten years younger than she is, and he has only come from town once to see her since the engagement."

"Love is like the measles," said Tom philosophically.

"Every one has it in a different way."

While Miss Delavigne, who had been judge and jury all by herself, at last rendered the verdict to a public consisting of herself alone.

"They love each other, after all.

"My money had nothing to do with it.

"Tom loves Muriade, and Muriade has not ceased to love her old aunt, now that she no longer believes herself to be an heiress.

"There is such a thing as honor, and truth, and real affection in this world, after all."

The first of December came, and Miss Delavigne gave Muriade the prettiest of weddings, under a marriage-bell of white rosebuds and smilax, with an artistic little *dejeuner*, and she went away in a dove-colored silk dress, with daisies in her hat.

"But, aunt," she said, "it's so strange that Major Larkington's isn't here!"

"He couldn't come," said Miss Delavigne.

"He'll be here on the twentieth.

"Mind you and Tom get back in time!"

"Oh, we'll be sure to do that," said Muriade.

"And be sure, aunt, that you look out a finger for the dear little pearl ring that I sent me."

The twentieth of December came; so did Mr. and Mrs. Tom Whitworth.

Miss Delavigne's parlors were one mass of deserted with the choicest hothouse flowers, while subordinates were arranging the supper-room and putting champagne bottles into silver coolers.

The old lady herself in pearls, point lace, and the palest of lavender silks, stood in the middle of the room, receiving her guests.

Major Larkington himself was there, looking very well and military, and an old-young lady in a dress exactly of the same pattern as Miss Delavigne's.

"Where is Tom, I mean Muriade," said the hostess beaming.

"The marriage ceremony was performed half-an-hour ago.

"The major thought he would rather have it over before the guests began to arrive.

"Stop!

"Don't congratulate me!

"I'm not the bride.

"This," introducing the old-young lady with the profusion of curls, and the slight *soupçon* of powder on her cheek-bones, "is Mrs. Major Larkington, and my old schoolmate, Helena Dove, who has given me great pleasure by accepting my hospitality on this occasion."

"Delighted, I am sure!" stammered Tom, staring with all his eyes.

"Mrs. Larkington!" faltered Muriade, sinking into a chair.

Mr. Larkington took advantage of a stream of newcomers, who monopolized the bridal pair and taxed Miss Delavigne with her duplicity.

"Sold," and Tom succinctly, "completely."

"Aunt, how could you deceive us so?" said Muriade.

"I didn't deceive you," said Miss Delavigne.

"I said there could be old fools as well as young ones, and I say so still.

"And you yourself mentioned Major Larkington!

"I didn't feel myself called upon to go into any disclaimers, although I knew then that he was engaged to Helena Dove.

"The only point I gained was the certainty that my dear niece and nephew were not heartless fortune seekers, but loved me just as well as if they believed themselves my heirs, as well as the conviction that Tom Whitworth loved Muriade just because she was Muriade, and not the rich old woman's only relation."

Miss Delavigne made her will the next day, and left all her money to Muriade and Tom, because she was easy in her mind at last.

"It was a regular conspiracy," she said.

"But it revealed to me exactly what I wanted to know."

SEASIDE LIFE.—It may interest many who are not sea-bathing people to know just how a day or two is spent on the coast. Except for those who take an early sail or drive, the breakfast hour is usually 9 o'clock. The breakfast consists of cantaloupes, peaches and grapes as a starter; oysters, stewed, panned or fried; fried or devilled; Spanish mackerel and blue fish, broiled and the usual run of steaks, chops, breads, etc. After breakfast there is an hour of lounging in the breezy piazzas that look out upon the ocean, reading the papers, or shopping. At 11 o'clock begins preparations for the bath, which is the great event of the day. Women in loose wraps, enveloped in light shawls, may be seen scudding along the piazza and making for the bath-houses—the men drifting leisurely in the same direction, and taking the last whiff of the morning cigar. The bath-houses are arranged in avenues, each room being about eight square feet of space, and towels, hooks, a chair and a bucket of clear water. At the end of each avenue are open shower baths of fresh water, under which the bathers may rinse off the sand and salt. By half-past eleven the avenues are filled with bathers waiting for partners or friends. For the ladies there is a loosely fitting garment in one piece, cut low in the neck, leaving the arms bare and ending in trousers that reach to the knee, about which they are tightly clasped, a scant skirt reaching nearly to the knee is tied about the waist, leaving the stocking exposed from the garter down. An oil skin cap catches the hair loosely, and a bright handkerchief is knotted loosely about the throat or waist. For the men there is a single garment belted at the waist, and reaching to the knees, leaving the legs bare. This is varied by wearing Scotch knee-breeches and cream colored skirts; for there are marine dudes as well as land dudes. After the bath there is an hour of sleep, following a claret punch or something stronger. And then dinner, elaborate and stylish, with terrapin added to the salt water delicacies that made breakfast memorable. The afternoon is given to rest until 5 or 6 o'clock when there are yachts for those who wish to sail, or carts for those wish to drive. Lines of street cars, with dummy engines, offer excursions to various points of interest.

The sailing is excellent. Inside the bar there is smooth water, and still fishing, while outside is the rolling waves and capital trolling for blue fish. After the sail or drive comes supper, and then dancing in an immense open pavilion under electric light to the best of music. All day long there is an indescribable sense of rest and invigoration. The roar of the surf, the salty quality of the breeze, the drowsy motion of the waves, the spacious piazzas, summer houses, the long stretch of beach, all invite the tired man to repose and recuperation.

THE NUMBER OF WORDS.—Shakespeare uses more different words than any other writer in the English language. There are about 15,000 different words in his plays and sonnets, while no other writer uses as many as 10,000. A few writers use 9000 words, but the great majority do not employ more than 8000. In conversation, only from 3000 to 5000 different words are used.

Everyone does not know that if a stamp is put partly on the wrapper and partly on a newspaper it goes to the dead letter office. The law regards it as a sealed package.

THE HUMAN NOSE.

LAVATER, the physiognomist claimed that the perfect nose had nine essentials.

Its length should be equal to that of the forehead; should have a gentle falling in near the root; when viewed in front the ridge must be large, with the two sides nearly parallel, but the breath a little increasing towards the middle; not such a one as Punch's, whose nose was all on one side, [illegible] with the [illegible] which [illegible] the Lavater nose should not be too sharply pointed nor too obtuse; the lower contour formed with precision, and the connection neither too pointed nor too large; the sides of the nose must distinctly present themselves so that the nostrils agreeably foreshorten at the bottom, and in the profile the base must be one-third the length, the nostrils should draw more or less to a point and become rounded as they recede, while the ridge should be formed archwise; and, lastly, the upper part must unite with the arch of the eyebrow, and the dimensions on the side of the eye must be at least half an inch.

Great men have frequently ill-constructed noses.

Small noses, oblique in profile, are confined to people with gentleness of temper, forbearance, attention, and docility, disposing them to receive and relish sensations of delicacy.

Socrates, the philosopher, Boerhaave, and Laplace, though great men, were of gentle and patient dispositions.

Noses arched from the upper part of the root belong to elevated characters, those born to command, firm of purpose, and steadfast in their undertakings.

A nose with a large ridge, straight or curved, announces superior faculties. Such were the noses of Dean Swift, Cæsar, Borgia, Paul Sarpi, and Titian.

Perpendicular noses suppose a soul that knows how to act and to suffer tranquilly and with energy.

Chaucer says her nose "directed straught," and Dante means the straight nose when he styles it "il dritto naso."

Pug noses belong to little great people; they always make the motions to adjourn in a public meeting, are full of bristling officiousness, make good errand runners, are tolerably faithful, as lawyers they are full of technicalities, as preachers run in one rut, and as doctors follow the text-books.

No man with a pug nose ever set the Ohio River on fire or accomplished much more than to humdrum through life's traces. Snub noses generally belong to critical people, who are born disgusted with everything.

Pugilists have frequently snub noses. They indicate a "hang-on activeness," and somewhat of that quality which in a man is called perseverance, and in a mule obstinacy.

Plato called the aquiline nose royal, and some modern hath it, "God made the Roman, man the snub."

At any rate the Roman-nosed were the movers of the world's destiny, the elegant Greek-nosed the arbiters of art, and those distinguished for imbecile insanity glorying in a snub.

In the Caucasian race the nose averages in length one-third of the face, in the Mongolian one-fourth, in the Ethiopian something less.

The great painters and sculptors by paying attention to the noses drew characters that were almost divine.

Look at the "Ecce Homo" of Correggio, or the "Madonna" of Raphel. Jupiter, Hercules, and warlike Minerva had all the nose of exertion—the grand old Roman nose.

Sesostris, Cato the Censor, Lucretius, Charlemagne, Canute, Columbus, Americus Vespucius, Cortez, Pizarro, Robert Bruce, Queen Elizabeth, Earl of Chatham, Hendrick Hudson, Daniel Boone, Francis Marion, Andrew Jackson, Sam Houston, Thomas H. Benton, Winfield Scott, had all the Roman nose.

The Greek nose was given by the sculptors to Juno, Venus, and Apollo. It is the artistic nose, the nose of refinement, culture and taste.

It is found in Petrarch, Milton, Spenser, Boccacio, Canova, Raphael, Claude, Rubens, Murillo, Addison, Voltaire, Byron, and Shelley.

Many famous women have had this nose—Hannah Moore, Letitia Barbauld, Felicia Hemans, Maria Edgeworth, and Madam de Staël.

From the beautiful Andromache to Pauline de Borghese, this is the nose of beauty. "The Greek-nosed woman," says an admirer, "whether born in a cottage or a palace, makes everything about her beautiful.

"Taste presides alike in the adornment of her person and the furnishing and embellishing of her rooms.

"A wreath of green leaves or a little vase of flowers may as truly show it as a tiara of pearls or the appointments of a luxurious boudoir."

The Jewish nose, so called because so common among Israelites, is by no means peculiar to that nation alone.

It is found among the Syrian races everywhere.

[illegible]

New Publications.

The Bad Boy Abroad. We have just received from the publishers a book with the above title, giving the humorous experiences of a Bad Boy in Europe. It will drive the "blues" miles away, and is warranted to create laughter in the hearts of those who never laughed before. It is handsomely illustrated and bound. Price, paper cover, 25 cents. J. S. Ogilvie & Co., Publishers, 31 Rose Street, New York.

Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., publish early in October an entirely new edition of Alfred Tennyson's "The Princess," with 120 new and beautiful illustrations on wood. It [illegible] its [illegible] pages, [illegible] bound, with full [illegible], index. Price, in cloth, $6.00, in full Morocco or Tree Calf, $10.00.

MAGAZINES.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery is always full of excellent reading and pictures well suited to the capacities of younger children. Parents and others who like to blend entertaining with progressive reading for their little charges, cannot do better than subscribe for this monthly. The Russell Publishing Co., Boston. $1.50 per year.

That splendid publication The Magazine of Art, for September contains a large number of valuable and interesting articles on art subjects most of which are grandly illustrated. Among them are At The Golden Gate, Dorchester House, Craven and the Dales, News from the War, A Bristol Figure, Exhibition Popularity, Later Gothic Glass in England, La Mazanilla, A Painter's Friendship, Raphael At Urbino, Irish Lace, The Ferry on the Ford, etc., etc. Published by Cassell & Co., 741 Broadway, New York. Single numbers 35 cts. Yearly subscriptions $3.50.

Vick's Floral Magazine for September like all that have gone before is overflowing with items of interest and value to all who love flowers. There is not a better, if as good a magazine of its kind published anywhere. Price $1.25 per year. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

[illegible] in the September *Wide Awake* is the opening chapter of Buttered Crusts, the Serial Story by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. The story is in Mrs. Whitney's best vein. There are two excellent stories for ambitious boys, Benny's Disappearance, and Business Experience. Some Educated Horses, by Amandy B. Harris, is an interesting account of Professor Bartholomew's show-horses; More Than They Bargained For, comes to an amusing end. The Serials, Cacique John, the Central American story, by Fred A. Ober, and On Indiana Roads, by Mrs. Catherwood, appear in generous instalments; and the last drawings appear of the Picture-Serial, Through Storm on Donkey-Back. Mrs. A. M. Diaz reports the tenth John Spicer Lecture, upon "Muskeg." Marion Harland's tenth Cooking Lesson for the Wide Awake Cooking Society gives instructions for simple desserts, the girls and their mothers will be glad to see that the series Anna Maria's Housekeeping is to be continued through the next twelve months; and of especial practical value will be Professor Sargent's Series, In Case of Accident. Only $2.50 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

The September number of *The Manhattan* is an excellent one. The opening paper treats of the Phenomena in Western Scenery, by William H. Rideing, profusely illustrated. The contributions that follow include further chapters of Julian Hawthorne's serial, Beatrix Randolph; A Grave Matter Fifty Years Ago, by Benj. F. Taylor; Excommunicated for Laziness, a complete story by the late Rev. William M. Baker; My Diary In the Engadine, by Kate Field; Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the Apostle of Beauty, by Joel Benton; American Literature and Authorship, by Kinahan Cornwallis, a name familiar to magazine readers twenty-five years ago; A Voyage of Discovery, by E. R. Shaw, illustrated; and poetry by Louise Chandler Moulton, H. C. Bunner, R. K. Munkittrick, S. M. B. Piatt, A. E. Lancaster, and others. The departments, Town Talk and Salmagundi, furnish pleasant reading. Terms $3 a year. Published by the Manhattan Magazine Co., Temple Court, New York.

EDIBLE SNAILS.—Snail-gardens are common throughout Europe; that at Ulm, in Wurtemberg, sending out no fewer than ten millions of the largest species to be fattened in other [illegible] for consumption [illegible] another [illegible], and [illegible] clear about [illegible] In England snails are sent in large quantities from the [illegible] to Convent Garden Market [illegible] per part. [illegible] is not [illegible] known in this country. They are also said to be employed in the manufacture of [illegible], forming, when bruised in milk and [illegible], an excellent imitation of the genuine article.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of [illegible] dollars. Rooms furnished [illegible] and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best the market affords, and charges moderate. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Our Young Folks.

DISCONTENTED.

BY PIPKIN.

LITTLE Miss Bee was crying, yet some people would not have known it, for it is not everybody's ears which can distinguish between a bee's sobbing and singing.

But this one was crying, there was no doubt of it.

Her notes were piteous to listen to, as she leaned her head against the door of the hive, tiny tears trickling down one by one—such a small, despondent, sorrowful creature she looked, with all the gay, bright, laughing world around her.

For it was summer time, the garden was gay with flowers, the scent of which filled the air with perfume, and all the trees were waving and bending, and laughing together, as if they rejoiced in the clear, blue sky above, rejoiced in the sunshine, rejoiced in all the summer gladness, and in life itself.

And away, not far from the cottage garden, were the downs.

Miss Bee's young friends and companions were all up there at their daily toil, which was very like play to them, so much they loved the gathering of sweets and pollen, and bringing home their tiny burdens to lay by for the winter.

Ah! yes, they were up there.

She heard them go trooping off, a rollicking party, while she lay hidden away in a stately lily, too miserable and discontented to join them.

Now they were gone, and the hive was quiet—at least, free from their clamoring young voices, she crept into the porch-like entrance to have a good cry.

"Oh I could be happy if I had something great and grand to do.

"If I were beautiful even, which I am not!

"Oh! if I were a beautiful butterfly, my life would be a glory of joy and pleasure.

"All the world would admire me!"

So she wailed.

Just then, as if to mock her, a lovely painted butterfly went sailing by, spreading her wings of rainbow tints to the sun.

Little Miss Bee's sobs seemed to be choking her, as she watched the bright creature go flashing away out of sight.

"Why Miss Bee what is the trouble?"

It was a bluebottle fly which spoke, a friendly old fellow, but somewhat bluff in his ways.

"Oh Mr. Bluebottle, I want to be a butterfly."

"In short, anything but what I am, and I don't care who knows it."

So she spoke, but she did care, for she hung her head in shame.

"Well, that doesn't speak much for your wisdom, since you are a bee, and always will be a bee," replied plain-spoken Mr. Bluebottle.

"But I don't want to be a bee, and what shall I do?" was the hopeless rejoinder.

"Why, make the most of what you don't like to be," buzzed the other.

"And what is that?" queried Miss Bee, fretfully.

"Do your duty," and on went Mr. Bluebottle, who was not giving to making many remarks.

"He doesn't know what it is to wish to soar, and rise, and shine."

The little bee spoke in scornful pity.

"Who doesn't?" asked a hollow voice, and a worm lifted its head out of its hole.

"Why, that thick-headed bluebottle fly," rejoined Miss Bee, disdain in her tone, at talking to a worm.

"Well, you do, I should think; and were I you Miss Bee, I should be the happiest being alive.

"As it is, I try to be happy, because I am what I ought to be," quoth the worm.

"You are but a poor earthworm!" scoffed Miss Bee.

And the worm, abashed, was silent, and drew in its head.

"What's that you were saying?" asked a pretty modest grey moth, flitting by.

She had no great pretension to beauty, save when the moonlight fell on her, then she shone like purest silver.

"I was speaking to that wretched worm yonder, ex, I mean Miss Bee for the worm had raised his head again to listen but spoke never a word.

"What wretched worm?" questioned Miss Moth.

"Because it's so earthly," and has no ambition," responded the other.

"How much it make people happy, or keep them from being wretched?"

And the moth eyed the other narrowly.

"No, not happy, perhaps," faltered the bee.

"But I think it grand not to be content to be humble and common."

"Humble and common!

"I think we are all humble and common enough.

I shall wish you good morning."

And the moth read her wings and soared away out of sight.

"Oh, dear, will nobody sympathize with me?" moaned the unhappy one.

And now the sweet flowers seem to droop, the very fragrance is sighing with the whisper of the tiny voices among the clustering bees, like flowers.

Silly little bee! letting the precious moments glide by unimproved, in vain regrets for what she could never be.

"Who wants sympathy?" asked a tiny ant, toiling along with a baby ant in her mouth.

"Oh, Mrs. Ant, I do.

"But you can't help me," spoke the little bundle of discontent, pouting as much as a bee can pout.

"I am not so certain of that," rejoined the honest ant.

"What is the matter?"

"I want to be what I am not," was Miss Bee's explanation.

"Well, you'll never be that, because nature is nature.

"Still, I am sorry for you," spoke Mrs. Ant.

"Isn't it sad that I should only be a bee and you an ant, toiling, drudging creatures, without beauty or grace, when we could—at least I could—enjoy so much, if only I had the beauty of a butterfly, and had time to go here and there to be admired."

"Nonsense, child! nonsense!" cried Mrs. Ant.

"Why ours is a nobler life, if we choose to make it so, than ever a butterfly could rejoice in living.

"We are teaching the wide world a lesson.

" 'Busy as a bee,' 'Industrious as an ant,' is said of those who work, and never grow weary.

"Homely in appearance we are, I grant, but there was never a life so lowly or mean which could not be made beautiful and noble by patient perseverance in well-doing."

Miss Bee was silent.

"Come," said Mrs. Ant, "as it is a fine day, and my work is forward at home, I've a mind to go and see my cousins up on the downs.

"It is light work and willing hands up there on such a day as this."

So Mrs. Ant laid her baby ant in a daisy, which served for a cradle, and off went the two together as much as one flying and the other crawling could be supposed to keep together.

Joy, gladness, merriment and laughter were rioting among the sunbeams there, and honest labor was the order of the day.

The ant-knolls were teeming with life.

Miss Bee happened to alight on a fairy circle, was changed into an ant for the time being, and went with her sage old friend into the midst of an ant village, nobody there knowing she was a changeling.

The streets were full of passers to and fro, those who brought in, and those who had to store.

Some were what we should call merchants, changing and exchanging goods with one another, for there was no coin current there.

Some were humble sellers, bright active little creatures with twinkling eyes, others were porters, others attended to the sick!

There were nurses walking here and there with baby ants, wee, weak, colorless things, out for their daily airing, as we may suppose, but all were happy and contented.

Up above, the bees were buzzing that it was sundown, and they were going home.

Then Miss Bee and Mrs. Ant set off homeward, for the little bee did not wish to join her companions, they laden with the fruits of their labors, she bearing home nothing at all.

But the next morning at sunrise, she was away to the downs.

She had learnt the secret of life, that great things are small, if done for vain glory and to please self, and small things great, if performed honestly and well for the sake of duty and right.

That the labors of the lowly ones make up much of the great world's happiness and comfort.

How she toiled all that summer, poor little ardent thing, forgetting self and pleasure, because she was so full of inward satisfaction in doing and bearing.

When winter came and the butterflies drooped, and shrank away out of sight, forgotten, when even the pattern ants fed on their summer gleanings, and thought not of others, Widow Grant sold honey, and bought firing for her children's comfort with the money.

And Miss Bee was glad in the great joy of knowing that she had not toiled and labored all the fair summer for herself alone, but also for others.

She knew now, that small could be made great, and that great, become small; that, as the wise man puts it, "He that waterest, shall be watered also himself."

TRUTH takes the stamp of the soul it enters. It is rigorous and rough in arid souls but tempers and softens itself in loving natures.

One Experience from Many.

I had been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, he consented to know what ailed me, that I was completely worn out and discouraged. In consequence of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters!" ever since they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy.—The Mother.

TIBBIE'S DREAM.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

HASN'T he come yet, Tibbie?"

"No, dear, not yet.

"But he will be sure to come."

I try to go to sleep again, and don't worry."

Two slender white hands turned the white pillow.

It was a young and handsome face upon the hot pillow, with loose hair dropping upon the flushed forehead; a perfect profile—a chin like Dante's.

Its beauty had never struck Jack Ashcourt's wife so much as then, when she sat watching the fearful fever settle down upon her husband—they two alone and penniless in a strange land.

The care-free smile was banished utterly now from the pretty pink mouth; but the steadfast blue eyes resolutely refused to shed their weight of tears.

Jack Ashcourt was very ill and his wife knew it.

They were without money or resources, needing the wherewithal to pay for food, rent, and physician's attendance, and strange as this seemed, it had all come about in a very natural way.

Their elegant lodgings of a month before had been devastated by fire, which had consumed their clothing and money, with the exception of a few pounds which Jack had upon his person—having driven out of the city with his wife—at the time of the disaster.

Straitened by want of means, they were forced to take humble, though comfortable apartments in the students' quarter, where Jack happened to know some young men, and were on the eve of sending home for reimbursement, when a letter arrived from Tibbie's uncle—the indulgent uncle John, who had been more than father to her—that he would set sail immediately to join them.

This delightful news appeared to make any exertion on their part unnecessary, for uncle John was rich, and all that he had would be Tibbie's.

He had insisted that Jack should throw up his situation, and go abroad for his health.

The sea-voyage having cured Jack's cough, our young couple were as happy as the proverbial king and queen, until sudden misfortune overwhelmed them.

First came the fire and the loss, and then Jack's illness.

Tibbie, with snowy hands and tender eyes, bent over him, watched and tended him in vain.

Daily he grew worse.

The cool drink did not abate the fever which scorched him.

The choice viands she had obtained by selling her rings did not tempt his appetite.

And day after day went by, and uncle John did not come.

Jack started up suddenly on his pillow.

"The rent!

"I thought the people turned us out of this place for the rent.

"It is due, isn't it — the rent, you know?"

"Hush, Jack!

"Lie down.

"You were only dreaming."

"Didn't you say the money was all gone?"

"I have a little.

"Try not to be so nervous, Jack. Go to sleep again."

"Oh dear, I feel so strangely! And you are all tired out.

"Poor little Tibbie!

"Stretch yourself on the outside of the bed and try to rest.

"I need nothing now. I can get the water myself."

Tibbie glanced at the clock.

It was just seven of the pleasant autumn evening.

She was so weary.

It would be a relief to lie down, and she would not go to sleep.

She stretched herself on the edge of the bed and laid her cool, slim fingers upon her husband's forehead.

He breathed a sigh of momentary relief.

How fast the days flew after that until the one on which Jack seemed to be dying!

"I am so faint, Tibbie. I feel as if I were starving."

It flashed over Tibbie that the fever had turned, and the cool weakness was a favorable sign.

Jack could not lift a hand, but he turned his great hollow eyes towards the little stand.

There was not a particle of food there.

The room seemed to swim around.

Jack must have nourishment.

Uncle John would come but it would be too late.

She believed she knew what many people in such straits as hers did, and it did not seem wrong.

It was dangerous—but Jack would die else, and it did not seem wrong.

She turned towards the bed at last.

Jack had fallen asleep, his poor pale face in shadow.

She gave a dry sob and wrung her hands.

Then she set her small white teeth, and turned silently to the next apartment.

Her husband's clothing was there in a wardrobe—the suit he had divested himself of when he lay down upon it to rest. I feel it was to languish so long upon—his deathbed, perhaps.

Not while she could prevent it—at any cost.

Her face was white and set now, as she removed part of her clothing and dressed herself in her husband's.

Finally she drew the soft felt hat well down over her features, and went out into the night.

She threaded her way rapidly through the lighted streets until she entered one less frequented.

There was an archway in the shadow of a tree, and here she stationed herself, drawing well back in the shade.

Her eyes glittered as she observed the occasional passers-by.

There was another glitter in her hand—the handle of a revolver.

This pure woman meditated robbery—murder.

All the other lives in the world was not worth Jack's, to her.

Money she would have, even at the cost of another's life.

A man went by, a bully fellow, rolling heaving—passed in safety.

She waited for the next.

There shuffled by an invalid, poor and threadbare.

Another, a lad, who probably had not a cent.

It was a long time before more pedestrians passed.

Another big hulking fellow; but they were all alike helpless under the power of a revolver.

But this one was not well dressed.

By-and-by, a slight spare gentleman, wearing a rich cloak, came down the sidewalk.

He had an orange in his hand.

He paused an instant to throw the paring into the gutter.

He turned and looked into the pistol's mouth.

"Money!

"Your money or your life!"

Tibbie saw plainly his white, shocked face.

She even felt pity for him, he looked so alarmed and ill.

He was evidently a gentle and kindly man.

But he fumbled at his breast and took out a portemonnaie.

It was well filled.

She grasped it deliriously, triumphant.

Then a fierce hand grasped her shoulder from behind.

Detection, arrest—and Jack—Jack pining in that lonely chamber!

* * * * * *

"He has come! Tibbie, wake up, dear—he has come!"

Her husband's low voice— footsteps, voices, a knock, the impatient opening of a door.

A hasty exclamation of "Bless my soul!" and uncle John's big beard brushed her cheek.

"Tibbie, darling! Jack—why, Jack, are you ill?"

Tibbie struggled out of the nightmare, with a gasping breath.

"Oh, oh, oh!" was all she could say at first.

"Why, what the dickens——" cried uncle John.

He took his niece in his big arms, and sat down in a great chair with her.

"Now tell uncle all about it."

Tibbie pressed her hands to her throbbing temples.

"Oh, uncle John, such a horrible dream!

"Jack is ill—we have no money.

"But oh, that horrible dream—the worst of all!"

"No money?

"Good Heavens!

"You are starving here!" cried uncle John, utterly shocked.

He banged a big purse down upon the table with such force that the long-tied meshes broke, and the yellow sovereigns rolled upon the floor.

"Here!

"Where is your man, your maid, your servants?

"Ring the bell!" ringing it furiously himself.

"Good Heavens! why didn't I know this?

"What a sight you are, Jack! Don't faint, Tibbie!

"There, cry, dear—cry! Do, dear—on old uncle's shoulder!

The servant entered.

"Get the best of wine, oysters, beefsteak, milk, oranges—everything you can think of to eat—instantly!

"Don't let the grass grow under your feet until you have it here.

"Money?

"There is money. These people belong to me!

"This is my niece.

"That is my nephew.

"Start your boots!" cried uncle John, in emphatic but unavailing English.

And Tibbie was forced to dry her tears, laughing hysterically, and repeat the order, in a condensed form, in French.

It was obeyed with creditable speed, and in a short time plenty reigned.

Uncle John had come.

Tibbie trembled and smiled.

She remembered to look at the clock.

She had dreamed all that horror in half-an-hour.

But in half a lifetime it was hardly less vivid.

PAIN costs us more than hunger, thirst, or cold.

Ah! you have a headache! Why don't you try Ayer's Pills? They will relieve the stomach, restore the digestive organs to healthy action, remove the obstructions that depress nerves and brain, and thus cure your headache permanently.

THE BROKEN TOY.

BY J. W.

A broken toy! what memories cling
Around this half-forgotten thing!
What baby-laughter seems to rise,
Like old, delightful melodies;
What shouts of wordless, tuneful joy,
At sight of this poor broken toy!

Oh, tiny feet that would not rest!
Oh, dear head pillowed on our breast,
What would we give to hold again
The form we lost, 'mid tears and pain!
Ah, child! the empty cot is ours,
But thine the sunshine and the flowers.

What could we give thee, shouldst thou come
To smile again upon thy home?
Such little pleasures as we know
In this, our twilight life below;
Some fragments of earth's paltry joys,
A handful of its broken toys!

How calm the lot forever blest!
How exquisite thy happy rest!
How changeless, joyous and serene,
Compared with what thy lot had been
With us—whose fleeting, clouded joys
Are at their best but broken toys.

ABOUT HATS.

THE word hat seems to be derived from the Saxon hæt, German hatt—i.e., a cover for the head; the modern term is used in distinction from a bonnet or cap, but anciently even a helmet was so denominated, as in the romance of Kyng Alesaunde:—

"Of sam weore the brayn outspat
All under ther iren hat."

"The hat of the Saxons," says Strutt, "was, I doubt not, made of various materials, but by no means seems to be a part of dress universally adopted. From its general appearance, I have supposed it to have been of skins, with the shaggy part turned upwards, and probably it might often be so; but they had also felt or woolen hats at this period, which their own records testify."

Great was the variety of material and color, as well as form, of these ancient coverings; as we read of hats of felt, silk, scarlet, &c. In a poem entitled "London Lyckpenny," by Lydgate, mention is made of "fine felt hattes, and a hode;" and in the Court of Common Pleas, "there sate one with a sylken hode."

The Marchant in the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer is described as wearing

"On his hed a Flaundrish bever hat."

In the Frere's tale, a gay Yemen had

"An hat upon his hed with frenges blake."

The Chronicle of Froissart throws some light upon headdresses during the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. Johan Lyon says, "It behoveth that in this towne of Gaunte ye renew an old aunoyent custome that sometime was used in this towne; and that is, that ye brynge up agayne the whyte hattes."

Among the inventory of effects belonging to Sir John Fastolfe, 1459, is "j hatte of bever lynyd with damaske gilt, girdle, bobkell, and penaunt (pendent), with iiij barrys of the same." And again, "ij poyntys of a hood of skarlot; j blake rydyng hood sengle; item, ij strawen hattes; j blew hoode of the garter; rydyng hoode of blakke felwet; j prikking hat cover'd with blake felwet."

In the journal of Beckington, secretary to Henry VI., 1442, is mentioned a "scarlet hat given as a New Year's gift."

About the reign of Henry VII. bonnets and caps were much worn, as appears from the woodcuts in the *Nuremberg Chronicle*.

In the wardrobe account of Henry VIII. we find mentioned, "a hatte of grene velvette, embrowdered with grene silk lace, and lyned with grene sarcenette;" and again, "Item, for making of three cappes of velvettes, the one yallowe, the other orange coloure, and the thord grene, &c.;" and for William Som'ar, the King's fool, "a cappe of grene clothe, fringed with red crule, and lined with fryse," &c.

In the 14th Henry VIII., six noblemen had "hoods and bonnettes of cloth of gold." The 16th Henry VIII. mentions "cappes and whoddes all of gold." "The Bishop of Scotland was much marked this day, for whensoever he came to the court before this time his apparel was sumptuous, his whodde was ever velvette or crimosyn satyn; but after the taking of the French Kyng, he ware only blacke chamlet, by which token men judged his French harte."

In old paintings the cardinal's hat is represented as having a very broad brim, but the projection is much less in sculpture, from the difficulty of execution. This is seen in the effigy of Cardinal Beaufort in Winchester Cathedral. That the broad-brimmed hat was worn by cardinals is confirmed by Shakspere's "Henry VI.," Part I.

Beaver hats were formerly called castors. "Nieuhoff's Travels," in 1663, mentions "a castor hatt with a silver hatt band."

The broad-brimmed hat surrounded with feathers placed round the rim prevailed in the reign of Charles II., and continued during the greater part of William III. But from the inconvenience of the broad rim, one flap was made to lift up and was placed either in front or the back of the head; and about the same time we begin to perceive two flaps turned up, when about the reign of Queen Anne the third flap was introduced, which formed the complete cocked hat.

The cocked hat in the middle of last century was considered as a mark of gentility, and as a distinction from the lower orders, who wore round hats.

In the *London Chronicle*, of 1767, we find the following:

"Hats are now worn, upon an average, six inches and three-fifths broad in the brim, and cocked between Quaker and Kevenhuller.

"Some have their hats open before, like a church-spout, or the tin scales they weigh flour in; some wear them rather sharper, like the nose of a greyhound; and we can distinguish by the taste of the hat the mode of the wearer's mind.

"There is a military cock and the mercantile cock; and while the beaux of St. James' wear their hats under their arms the beaux of More Fields Mall wear theirs diagonally over their left or right eye. Some wear their hats (with the corners, which should come over their foreheads, in a direct line) pointed into the air; those are the Gawkies.

"Others do not above half cover their heads, which is indeed owing to the shallowness of their crowns; but between beaver and eyebrows expose a piece of blank forehead, which looks like a sandy road in a surveyor's plan. Indeed people should hide as much of the face under their hats as possible; for very few there are but what have done something for which they ought to be out of countenance."

Grains of Gold.

Observe good manners.

Endure trials patiently.

Be prompt in all things.

Care makes a man old before his time.

If your path is smooth—watch and pray.

Jealousy is a secret avowal of our inferiority.

The value of man's advice is the way he applies it to himself.

Anger is like rain—it breaks itself upon that on which it falls.

To persevere in one's duty, and be silent, is the answer to calumny.

The right of commanding is the fruit of labor, the price of courage.

It is the inner purpose and feeling which gives character to an action.

Envy's memory is nothing but a row of hooks to hang up grudges on.

Better a soft heart and an iron hand, than an iron heart and a soft hand.

Every individual must make his own choice between good and evil.

We never deceive for a good purpose. Knavery adds malice to falsehood.

The things which we enjoy are passing, and we are passing who enjoy them.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbler.

The history of the world shows us that immoral means will not intercept good ends.

What is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to something better.

No cloud can overshadow a true Christian, but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.

There is no dispute managed without passion, and yet there is scarce a dispute worth a passion.

The actions of men are like the index of a book; they point out what is most remarkable in them.

Where we may not be able to extirpate an evil, it is still our duty to do what we can to lessen it.

Those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.

The wise men of old have sent most of their morality down the stream of time in the slight skiff of apothegm or epigram.

He that hath tasted the bitterness of sin, will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.

An unjust accusation is like a barbed arrow, which must be drawn backward with horrible anguish, or else will be your destruction.

He that will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is alive, prevents it from doing any good to himself when he is dead.

To discover a truth, and to separate it from a falsehood, is an occupation worthy of the best intellect, and not unworthy of the best heart.

Sober sense, self-possession and intelligent self-control are the safeguards of head and heart, and make a beautiful temple for the soul.

Femininities.

A Cincinnati girl poisons cats and makes a set of furs for her own use out of the hides.

Bangs and frizzes are doomed. Parisian beauties now wear the hair combed back from their foreheads.

She told him he could call that evening, and then she kept her little brother in the room all the time.

A Georgia girl dropped a watermelon from a second-story window on the head of the biggest swell in town.

A woman should never accept a lover without consent of her heart, nor a husband without consent of her judgment.

Miss Mollie Garfield and Miss Fannie Hayes, daughters of the two ex-Presidents, attend the same school in Cleveland.

A Baltimore woman is so fond of her children that, whenever they have to be spanked, she gets the woman next door to do it.

Langtry says that American women will put up with all sorts of poverty in the house for the sake of making a show on the street.

A beautiful woman with the qualities of a noble man is the most perfect thing in nature; we find in her all the merits of the sexes.

Out West a little girl took the sawdust out of her doll, and, filling it with powder, put it in the stove. Now she wonders where her doll is.

The fact comes out that the greater part of the Duchess of Edinburgh's trousseau was sold a few years ago as "the property of a lady of rank."

A Staten Island woman is doing her level best, to exterminate the English sparrows. She catches them in traps, and makes pies of them—30 to a pie.

The Austrian railway administration has recently decided in favor of the employment of women as road guards on the same terms as the males.

A ten-year-old girl in Kalamazoo told the young man who called on her sister one evening to sit on the stoop and wait a few minutes. She had put glue on the stoop.

An astute philosopher perceives a close relation between the affectionate spirit in which women greet each other with kisses and that in which prize fighters shake hands.

"What a wonderful age of invention it is," said Mrs. Peterson; "I see they are now making wire cloth, and I'll have some this very week to put a seat in Johnny's every-day pants."

A jury in London forbade a woman the administration of her own affairs because of the peculiar bird-like formation of her head, which they believed was an indication of insanity.

To feel as well dressed as the other women around her is to set any woman at her ease, whencesoever she may have come; to feel much better dressed is to add radiance to that ease.

Miss Mary E. Jones, said to be a "charming" white woman, of Augusta, Ga., married Jim Chong, a Chinaman, there the other day. Jimmy keeps a grocery store, and wears his hair banged.

A Cleveland woman, last week, dreamed she was decapitated by a train of cars, and the next morning she told her husband and other friends. Before night she was run over by a train of cars and killed.

Dissatisfied wife—"We cannot agree; we must part forever." Husband—"All right; but we must not ventilate our sorrows through the press." Wife—"The bare idea! What's the use of separating, then?"

In Mr. Beecher's statement that he does not believe the story of the fall of Adam, the Louisville Courier-Journal imagines that it detects an effort on the part of Henry to make himself solid with the ladies.

The Puritans of New England had their own way of testifying how much they thought of the female sex. If a man and a woman were convicted of a capital crime, they hanged the man and burnt the woman.

At a recent wedding in Canton, Mo., the parson closed the ceremony with the sentence, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," when an aged woman exclaimed, with great earnestness, "Or no woman, either, for they're just as bad as the men."

An arithmetical toast—"The fair daughters of this land; may they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociability and economy, and reduce the last vulgar fraction of scandal to its lowest denomination."

A woman at the White Mountains is frequently found with her parasol raised, not only on the shaded piazza, but also when she is crossing the hall or ascending the stairway at her hotel. Some of her female friends spitefully attribute the fact to her desire to show off the handsome painting on the parasol, which is of black satin.

Miss Fuller is a school teacher in Grand Marais, Northern Michigan. She is also an admirable shot with the rifle, and, after school hours, goes hunting in the neighboring woods. The family with whom she boards are kept well supplied with game, large and small. She is the admiration of the county, and all the young men are in love with her.

Two Polish blacksmiths fought a duel recently near Kalish, in which the weapons used were heavy hammers. The vanquished man's skull was crushed in. About the same time two men fought in the Crimea by butting each other's heads. After many furious encounters one went down, and, crazed by pain and disgrace, cut his own throat. Both of these quarrels began in a dispute concerning sweethearts.

Harriet Steer, a prominet member of the Society of Friends, who died in Cincinnati recently at the age of 87 years, had been active in all benevolent work for fifty years, and for a decade was wont each winter to prepare a huge boiler of soup on two days every week, and distribute it to the poor at her door with her own hands. This she did last year, notwithstanding her age and feebleness.

News Notes.

Chicago ladies are taking an interest in banjo playing.

A 14-year-old boy at Gorham, N. Y., weighs 230 pounds.

In Connecticut lives a boy whose arm grows out of the middle of his back.

Bees stung David Woods to death and killed his team on Sunday, at Nashville, Ind.

A New York man was fined $300 for giving tobacco to a giraffe in Central Park.

A student can live in a German University town for $150 a year, but the students don't do it.

The tip of a Lancaster boy's nose was knocked off by a blow from a base ball bat the other day.

Over 100,000 copies have been sold of a penny edition of Oliver Twist, published in Liverpool.

Englishmen are said to regard the mutton of black-faced sheep as superior to any other kind.

The are 22,000 officials, big and little, among the 125,000 people who compose Mormondom in Utah.

A Columbia boy, as a joke on his ma, put salt in her coffee, instead of sugar. She made him drink it.

A Vermont villager has his walk and front yard paved with headstones from a neighboring cemetery.

A firm of vinegar-makers in London, Eng., entertained 100 men at dinner in their 32,000 gallon vat.

A Chicago woman, as a joke, told the police she had killed a man. They locked her up for being drunk.

Thirty Californians have died in ten years possessed each of over a million, and some of them many millions.

Two sunflowers, one 48, and the other 49 inches inches in circumference, are growing in Lancaster, this State.

Rats are said to be making free with the Brooklyn bridge already for domiciliary purposes and morning airings.

It is estimated that the pawnbrokers of New York City have fully $30,000,000 of pledges in their possession.

A colored political leader in Florida, Walls by name, expects to clear $5,000 this year from his vegetable crop.

They play water polo in England, astride of wooden horses, in a pond, and by banging about a wooden football with sticks.

A Kansas City paper tells of a man named Jack Donegan, who has a penchant for going to sleep at the top of telegraph poles in that city.

A South Boston man, who is a widower, visited the deathbed of a neighbor with a request to take a message to the departed in the other world.

An Alabama watermelon shows a perfect map of America, and the people there prefer to think that it grew in that way without human help.

Dakota territory is four times as big as Ohio, and Alaska is four times as big as Dakota, and the rest of the United States is four times as big as Alaska.

A convict in the Massachusetts State Prison was sent there for kicking his wife to death. The leg with which he did the brutal murder has become paralyzed.

Sumner Shepard has held office in Windsorville, Ct., for 33 years continuously, is now 94 years old, and is regarded as the oldest postmaster in the United States.

When the golden spike, which is to finish the Northern Pacific Railroad, is driven, each blow of the hammer will, by electric connection, fire a big battery in St. Paul.

A gang of Winnebago Indians employed on the Union Pacific Railroad have proved to be excellent workmen, and in some respects superior to those of any other nationality.

A naval man named Terry rode on his tricycle from London to Dover, and there, developing his machine into a boat, with the wheels paddling, pursued his journey by water to France.

At present only peers and their sons and privy councillors can marry at any time of the day they choose in Great Britain. Lesser worthies have to ask permission of the Archbishop to marry later than noon.

A public-spirited doctor in Cincinnati distributes instructions as to what should be done in cases of poisoning, and after naming the antidotes, adds: "But lose no time in sending for a competent physician to No. — street."

Lawyer Purdy, of New York, made no sign when he detected a Coney Island pickpocket in the act of abstracting a fat wallet from his hip pocket. The wallet contained nothing but business cards, with which the latter made off, thinking he had secured a prize.

Some Londoners have taken to the Thames throughout the summer months, and eat, drink and sleep in what are known as house-boats. These usually contain a snug dining-room and sitting-room combined, two or three small bedsteads, a kitchen and a veranda.

Ed Long and John Kelly are Indianians with sweethearts, and Long remarked that his girl was the better looking. Kelly replied that Long was a liar. It was then agreed to fight it out according to the rules of the prize ring. After a decidedly bitter struggle Long's girl's superiority of beauty was established.

A SAFE STAND BY FOR THE FAMILY during the season of Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaints, Cramps, Diarrhœa, and all Bowel Complaints, is Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam—already of admitted efficacy, and, if occasion should arise, sure to prove useful.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Mason, Ill., July 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

H. A. A.

Conyers, Ga., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

W. J. L.

Manteno, Ill., July 22, '83.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

N. C. H.

Echo, Tenn., July 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

S. A. B.

Pleasant Grove, Utah, July 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

O. P. D.

New Castle, Ala., July 24, '83.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

Y. E. M.

Middleway, W. Va., July 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

A. C. H.

Kingsclear, Canada, July 20, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

G. A. H.

Morning Sun, O., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

J. A. K.

Ford River, Mich., July 22, '83.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

S. G. D.

Anna, Ill., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

M. E.

Elizabeth, N. J., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. J. M. F.

Seybrook, Ill., July 21, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

E. E. C.

Cambellsport, Wis., July 18, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

L. R.

Williamston, N. C., July 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

L. L. P.

Lewisburg, Neb., July 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

H. H. J.

West Lafayette, O., July 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

H. S. S.

Stevenson, Ala., July 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. G. C.

A MODEL GARDENER.

Bill Hedger was a gardener
Who earned his daily meat
By toiling zealously all day—
His zeal was hard to beat.

He was a man of tender parts,
And thoughtful for his years—
E'en when he cut his onions down
His eyes would fill with tears.

He was so pitiful and kind
He'd dread to cut his lawn;
But though he'd never shock his friends,
He'd often shock his corn.

A score of carrots oft he'd give
To feed a widow's kine;
Such gems of charity are rare—
Full twenty carats fine.

His wretched horse could hardly creep,
Bill propped him while he grazed;
He said he'd have a better steed
When his celery was raised.

He'd sometimes cauliflower to him
When he had done his work—
He loved it stewed in buttermilk,
Or boiled with greens and pork.

But death at last mowed William down,
And they planted him in loam,
And gave him for his epitaph—
"He found sweet peace at home!"

—S. T. OLES.

Humorous.

Green corn—A young bunion.

High-toned—The screech of an eagle.

A young man called his sweetheart "rare opportunity," because she is worth of being embraced.

The poet who wrote "the child is father to the man," was somewhat disconcerted when a practical friend asked him how the case would be in the event of the child being a girl.

A young lady will sit in the dark with a big man beside her for hours at a time, but you could not get her to put her nose in the cellar after six o'clock at night for love or money.

An exchange asks: "What are crowds?" It is not quite certain how science will handle this question, but the average common school educated man knows that under some circumstances three is considered a crowd.

ONE million Prize Puzzles are being gratuitously distributed throughout the United States by the Van Stan's Stratena Co., Limited, of Philadelphia, (Manufacturers of the celebrated cement), who offer One Hundred Dollars in Prizes for correct solution. Jobbers supplied in quantity to distribute to their trade upon application free of expense.

THE proprietors of the "Farm, Field and Fireside," Chicago, are meeting with great success in securing subscribers to their publication. In addition to furnishing an excellent paper at the low price of 50 cents for six months, they propose to distribute $20,000 in presents to their subscribers. See their announcement on opposite page.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Warnbold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WARNBOLD, 128 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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40 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name 10c. postpaid. G. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

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IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, SCROFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, CATARRH AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 26, 1882.

ULCEROUS SORES "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore.

SORE EYES Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

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Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

GUNS Lowest prices ever known on Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers. OUR $15 SHOT-GUN at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1883-84. P. TOWLE & SON, 360 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT. No pay till cured. Ten years established. 1,000 cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

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ONE HUNDRED
Of the Most Popular Songs,
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SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 15 cents in currency or postage stamps, we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address. Among them we may mention the following:

A Violet from Mother's Grave.
Tripping o'er the hills.
Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore.
I'm Getting a Big Boy Now.
Katey's Letter.
O Fred, tell them to Stop!
One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Oh, Lucinda.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Faces o'er the River.
Yes, I'll Love You When You're Old.
Tell de Children Good-bye.
Hardly Ever.

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Your Powders give early relief and, in my case, a permanent cure. MAJOR JOS. ANTHONY, Gen'l Sup't Lykens Valley Coal Co., Harrisburg, Pa.

I have used your DYSPEPSIA Powders with marvelous success, and rejoice in the knowledge that the most horrible of all diseases can be cured. You are at liberty to refer to Yours respectfully, JAS. S. STACKHOUSE, Ticket Receiver P. R. R. Co., Broad St. Station, Philada.

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Strong, Pure and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clear Skin and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through

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SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

Chronic Diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat.

Purifies the Blood, Restoring Health & Vigor.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

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After a few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots, and skin eruptions are removed, sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of corrosive sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

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Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

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That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

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FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

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Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

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Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

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A pair of slippers—The orange and banana skin.

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"Yes," said the Vermont deacon, "I always go down to camp meeting, and always come back feeling good. Do you see that magnificent horse down there in the field? Well, you ought to have seen the old plug I took down."

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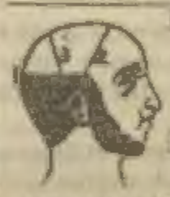

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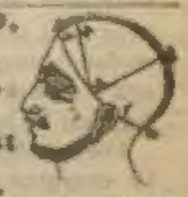

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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FOR 50 CENTS

We will enter your name on our subscription book and mail the **FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE** regularly to you for Six Months and immediately send a printed numbered Receipt, which will entitle the holder to one of the following Presents to be given away at our **THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL.**

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And 92,935 other presents valued from 25 cents to $1.00, which makes a grand aggregation of 100,000 presents, thus guaranteeing a present to each and every new subscriber who sends us 50 Cts. as directed.

All of the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner by committee chosen at the Festival by the Subscribers; this festival will take place without fail. It will not be necessary for Subscribers to attend the Festival, as presents will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada. Yet it is to be hoped as many will be present as possible. **THE 50 CENTS** which you send us is the regular price for Six Months' Subscription, and therefore we charge nothing for the presents. **OUR PROFIT** will be in your future patronage, as we believe you will like our paper so well that you will always remain a subscriber. **YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FREE.** Get five of your friends to join you by getting this out and showing it to them. Send us $2.50 and we will send you the **FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE** for six months, and a numbered receipt for each of your subscribers and one extra for your trouble.

SEND TEN SUBSCRIBERS with $5 and we will send 12 subscriptions and twelve numbered receipts. We shall limit the number of new subscriptions to 100,000, so we would advise all our friends to forward subscriptions early.

THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE

is one of the oldest and ablest edited Family and Agricultural papers. It contains twenty large pages (Eighty Columns), including elegant cover, bound, stitched and cut. And now has a circulation of 65,000 copies, and we are sure to reach the 100,000 at the time set, and the distribution of presents will take place on that date. It contains **Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Farm, Garden, Household and Agricultural Departments by the best Contributors of the day,** as well as an **Illustrated Fashion Department, Needle and Embroidery Work.** Illustrations of different parts of the UNITED STATES and Biographical Sketches of Eminent Men and Women. In short, it contains that which will interest, instruct and amuse the whole family.

THE PROPRIETORS are men of means, who always have done as they agree, and our paper is long established and reliable, with sufficient capital to carry out and fulfill to the letter any offer we may make.

TO THOSE WHO DO NOT ATTEND THE FESTIVAL we will send a printed List of the Awards, and all Presents will be forwarded to Holders of Receipts as they may direct. If you have not seen this elegant and beautiful paper, send for a Sample Copy which will be Sent Free.

ONLY 50 CENTS secures the **FARM, FIELD & FIRESIDE** Six Months, and a numbered receipt. The paper is worth double the subscription price. *A first-class reliable agent wanted in every locality not already supplied.* Address as above.

Money in sums of $1.50 or less may be sent in ordinary letter at our risk, larger sums should be sent by Registered Letter, P. O. money order or Express. (Mention This Paper.)

REMEMBER these are Presents to our Subscribers given to them absolutely Free. Cut this out and show to friends, acquaintances and neighbors, as it will not appear again, and is the last opportunity you will have to take advantage of this extraordinary offer. Two-cent Postage Stamps taken in sums less than $1.00.

Read These Testimonials.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21, 1883.

We have furnished the paper for the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE for several months, and have always found its Proprietors honorable in their dealings, and prompt in their payments.

CHICAGO PAPER CO.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21, 1883.

The Proprietors of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE have paid me several thousand dollars for press-work on their paper. I have always found them prompt in all transactions. A. G. NEWELL.

August 15, 1883.

I am highly pleased with your paper. The information concerning Poultry management alone is worth five times the price of your paper, saying nothing about the valuable Farm information and interesting stories, etc. W. R. SIMPSON.

SILIPUP, Morgan Co., Ala.

BRAIDWOOD, Ill., Aug. 11, 1883.

I am very much pleased with your paper. Every number seems to me to become more attractive and profitable. I have shown it to several of my friends, who were at once delighted with it. Mrs. J. F. EMILE.

WAUSEON, O., Aug. 11, 1883.

I received a copy of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE some days ago and must say that I was well pleased with it. I find it *a first-class journal for the farmers*, of whom I am one. With such an agricultural journal every farmer can receive much benefit. M. H. HAYES.

MEXICO, Juniata Co., Pa., July 24, 1883.

I herewith send you the names of fifteen subscribers to the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, which I secured in less than no many minutes. R. L. SHUMAN.

SOUTH UNION, Ky., July 18, 1883.

It is certainly the best paper I ever saw, neat, plain, instructive and beautifully illustrated. E. L. HOTE.

ILDERTON, ONT., Aug. 3, 1883.

I have lately been a subscriber to your tasty and profitable paper, and must say I am more than pleased with it. I gave my subscription, in the first place, more to have a chance for one of the many presents than for anything contained in the paper; but I find the paper is worth three or four times the money beside all presents.

S. W. PAISLEY.

PORTSMOUTH, VA., July 9, 1883.

I received the papers all right and am delighted. My friends and subscribers say they are surprised at its size and beauty. Every person that has seen the paper acknowledges it to be the best paper printed, and say it is *worth $2 per year*.

TIMOTHY MOSELEY.

The FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, 89 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

SOME of the new styles that are coming in for the winter are rather appalling. They demolish our most cherished ideas of beauty—such, at least, as we have harbored now for some years past—with ruthless blows.

What can one do but inwardly protest when one hears of a French ball-dress made of pink tulle, short and round, with flounces, bordered by a bit of darker ribbon, gathered on nearly to the waist, and there a longer valance, forming, as it were, a basque for the old-fashioned shirred and low-necked bodice? And how can one be expected to look with favor on walking dresses plaited in at the belt, and without gores, and on so many shirred waists, with yokes, not a few of them?

Likewise, is it pleasant to know that all evening dresses, only excepting those made for ladies who do not dance, are short; that long trains grow thus scarcer and scarcer; that large, picturesque hats are giving place to small, prim ones, with high square crowns and stiff narrow brims, and so on, and so on?

Indeed, we have arrived at a decisive turning-point in fashion, and what we are coming to is decidedly not as good as we are leaving behind.

However, the radical change will please those who hanker perpetually after something perfectly new.

And, in any event, against fashion there is no appeal, for better, for worse, we must take what she sends.

One thing one may take occasion to repeat right here—none of the new styles (no more than any style which has ever been, or ever will be) should be followed, except in so far as may be necessary to escape singularity—by any one to whom they do not happen to be becoming.

Fortunately, fashions are never stringently coercive if people do not deliberately make them so.

It is always possible to evade their extreme expression in any given direction, and yet be perfectly well dressed.

And any woman of average intelligence should certainly know that becoming things are the first to be thought of, bought and put on.

Fashionable, ultra-fashionable, garments, by and in themselves alone, are powerless to make her attractive.

It is particularly at the outset of a new departure in styles—at a time like the present—that women have the game wholly in their own hands.

They may stick to the old style, modified to suit new demands, or they may make haste to adopt the new.

Even though more voluminous skirts, fuller sleeves, and other characteristics of the fashions of twenty-five years since are coming in, it will be some time still before they become consolidated into one distinct and all-prevailing style.

Features in dress, with which we have of late years been familiar, will continue to hold their own side by side with the invaders.

Hence, women will have every choice. But, alas, it is often precisely when their position is most advantageous that they throw everything over.

And we have no doubt that eagerness to rush into effects in toilet which have the charm of utter novelty will induce many to adopt the new dispensation in clothes who would look ten per cent. better would they adhere to the old.

It is always so. The women who have the highest foreheads put their hair back the very first; those who have the thinnest necks and the boniest shoulders are the first to appear in low-necked bodices, and those who rejoice in the stoutest figures are in the foremost rank when full skirts and puffed draperies are voted correct once more. Such is life.

And a pity it should be so. There are a few new items in millinery which have the seal of perfect novelty.

One is that bonnets made of kid, at least as to the crown, are to be among the latest "wrinkles."

An autumn dress of gray cloth, sent over from Paris just this past week, has a bonnet of pale, soft gray kid to match; and very chic it is, with its border of velvet of the same shade, and its silver galloon, and little Gallic cock perched up on one side. Cloth bonnets to match suits promise also to be much worn during the autumn and winter.

But these are scarcely quite so new, examples of that style having been seen occasionally last season.

Another novelty consists of basket-woven bonnet crowns of gilt or silver galloon mixed with chenille.

These will be for dressier occasion, and with them the bright galloons, which are seemingly coming to the front, will be chiefly used, and odd ornaments or birds. The latter are to be seen in profusion just now on early autumn French bonnets and hats.

One exquisite little round hat of gray felt has nothing but a strap of velvet around the crown, a velvet lining to the stiff brim, and two gray doves perched on the front, their heads nestling together and their wings half outspread.

The effect is rather like the helmet of Mercury.

French women also wear a great many birds' breasts and wings on the turbans, which, with the round English hats of felt, will be chiefly worn through autumn months by young girls and young married ladies, while the older matrons will patronize the sempiternal, but always ladylike, little capotes.

These, by the way, are made for the intermediate season of black lace, shirred closely over the frame and brightened up by a large cluster of brilliant autumn tunnal flowers.

One begins to distinguish certain facts concerning the probable trimmings for dresses the coming season.

Evidently, to start with, box plaitings and kilts are not to be shelved. Most of the new plaided, checked, barred and blocked materials are made with deep plaited flounces falling over foundation skirts of mercerine or silesia, and starting from a deep yoke, which which fits smoothly as a glove about the hips.

The plain draperies are then built on to the skirt.

These wide yokes and gorelese petticoats are an excellent invention, giving, as they do, the desired look of fullness to the kiltings, and yet removing every particle of bulk from the waist and hips.

The idea is being carried out by many ladies for their under petticoats, whether of muslin, flannel or felt, or white or colored.

It is especially advantageous when the hips are large.

The stuff—let us say the flannel, since flannel skirts are chiefly so made—is gathered in two perfectly straight breadths to the yoke.

A yard and a half of material are simply sufficient, as the flannel part is nothing more than a short, narrow little flounce, coming to the knees.

But to return to dress trimmings for silks and the lighter wool fabrics it would appear that a great many scant, slightly gathered flounces will be used.

On a number of Paris dresses there are four or five of these right along the edge of the skirt, all so narrow that they look like small ruffles fulled on.

Over the top one there frequently falls a deeper flounce, likewise very scant, which is cut into sharp points or squares or scallops.

Sharp scallops will, we think, have a good deal of popularity.

They are always prettiest in silk stuffs. Various other new ways of trimming the bottom of skirts appear on late French dresses.

We have already spoken of the vine leaf flounces, which consist of flat plain spaces alternating with puckered clusters of the material cut on the edge in five sharp points like a leaf, and laid over side ways against the skirt.

This trimming is also chiefly effective in silk stuffs, as the leaves only stand out properly when the material has a certain body.

Narrow knife plaitings show no signs of going out, though they will probably not be very plentiful.

A new idea with regard to them, suggested by a Paris dress, is to have two little ones straight along the edge of the skirt and a third one, the same width, laid side ways at intervals to form small fans on top. In another recent French model of a toilet of gauze and silk, the skirt, of the latter fabric, is simply adorned with a little drapery of the gauze arranged in scallops above the hem, and each scallop is held by a tiny bow of velvet. This is new, certainly. But, equally, as ugly as can well be.

Fireside Chat.

ODDS AND ENDS.

TENNIS aprons, called "Russian," are made thus: The apron is of navy blue twill, about 30in. long and 28in. wide, and has two band of Turkey red stitched on, with a row of Russian embroidery (cross-stitch) or coarse white insertion lace between.

The bands are 3½in. wide, the same width between and from the edge.

The whole may be reversed. There is one large square pocket to one side, embroidered or trimmed to match.

Another apron is of cream unbleached linen, edged with red, blue, and cream coarse Russian lace headed by a pattern worked in thick red washing thread on canvas, which is afterwards drawn away shred by shred.

The pocket is square and the centre worked to match, and the left corner of the apron is turned back and buttoned with a red covered button, showing two crossed racquets and a ball worked on in red thread.

Black lace aprons for elderly ladies and cream lace for younger ones, trimmed with colored satin ribbons, are always very attractive.

There is a very easy child's hood to be made out of colored print. One yard will make two hoods if carefully cut.

Each is cut in a half square, with the corner rounded, measuring 30in. long and 17in. deep.

There are two drawstrings, one running along the length at a distance of 2in. from the edge, and the other in a half circle at 3in. from the edge but 5½in. in the centre, opposite the corner.

This is owing to the drawstring being in a half circle, and the corner pointed or rather rounded.

The first drawstring gathers the hood round the child's face, the second round the nape of its neck, and so forming the shape.

A bow of the print or a ruche of lace round the front can be added for additional ornament.

A false hem 2in. deep will probably have to be made in one hood. In pale pink, grey and blue print, these hoods are most pretty.

Little aprons and capes can be made to match, and the three sold together in neat little packets, tied up with a colored ribbon.

The small cheap colored silk handkerchiefs are now, as little novelties, being quilted inside, with strong sachet powder in the lining, edged with coffee-colored lace, and fastened together in the centre by the corners with a bow of satin ribbon.

Another style of pocket-handkerchief sachet, intended to hold handkerchiefs in a drawer, is of plain colored cotton-backed satin, with two pockets.

On one side (the top when folded), a white handkerchief with fancy border is folded and fixed on by four pearl-headed pins, and stitches in the centre.

It is generally one of the pretty but extremely moderate fancy ones, sold for show and not for blow; but the effect is very good.

Perambulator covers of old-gold satin sheeting, with a border worked in large cross-stitch in black silk, and a good-sized monogram in the left-hand lower corner, look well; also in brown holland, for every day summer use, with a running pattern of ivy leaves and berries embroidered in crewel stitch in navy blue or red ingrained thread.

Painted bassinette covers are fashionable now.

In white satin, with ecru lace flouncing, and a large spray of yellow jessamine and leaves, wild roses, and butterflies, or almond blossom, nothing could be lovelier, also in pale gray, with a border of daisies, and the monogram or baby's name in small single daisies, close together.

Quilted satin, with a single daisy or a pearl in each quilt, where the button usually is, is novel.

The lining is sarsent. Parasols covered in red Turkey twill are much improved by being painted in neutral tints with a flight of swallows.

The parasols are moderate in price; but the painting on them considerably raises their value.

Flat wooden photo frames, blotting cases, and American cloth racquet covers painted, are always popular.

The cheap Zulu hats sell well at bazars if they are bound with colored twill and decorated round the crown with a wreath of cherries in any colored worsteds, mixed with leaves made in crochet or bits of cloth or velvet.

They are easily trimmed, and the cherries and leaves are made of all sorts of odds and ends of woods, cloth, velvet, etc. There is a wire run round the edge before the binding is put on, so that the hats can be bent into different shapes.

They are shady and light. Some of these hats are used as receptacles for flowers by being bent into a square with indented sides, a small glass tumbler fitted into each corner and fixed there, and a larger one, or finger glass, into the centre.

The vacuums are filled in with artificial moss, and two handles, covered with ribbon and finished off with bows, are fixed to the sides and tied together in the middle at the top.

A DOCTOR is called in to prescribe for a sick child, and having examined the patient writes a prescription and leaves instructions as to the treatment of the little sufferer.

On making his visit the next morning the prince of science is surprised to find the household in tears.

"My poor child!" sobs the mother, "I never thought that he would have died of croup!"

"Of croup?" echoes the doctor; "do you mean to say the child had croup? Why didn't you tell me?"

Correspondence.

M. G., (Newark, N. J.)—No.

W. T. D., (Tangle, La.)—Baltimore received its name in 1730.

M. L. A., (Norristown, Pa.) — The story is founded on facts.

T. S. W., (Crescent City, Cal.)—We have no means of ascertaining.

LOU, (Camden, N. J.)—At present we cannot give you a definite answer.

P. L., (Washington, D. C.)—The work referred to contains over a hundred such recipes.

B. B. K., (Phila., Pa.)—The lady is between forty and fifty, we are told, and unmarried.

S. M. E., (Waushard, Wis.)—There is no public library bearing that name in Brooklyn, N. Y.

T. S. H., (Summersville, Pa.)—If you no longer care for the first-named gentleman, discard him at once.

MABLE, (Woodbury, N. J.) — Sulphur soap is excellent for toilet use. It should be used continuously.

T. M. M., (Newport, N. J.) — Dressmaking is undoubtedly the best paying business a woman can undertake.

W. M. B., (Winchester, Pa.)—There is not the slightest impropriety in your entertaining your company as described.

AMANDA C., (Camden, N. J.)—Judging from the description given, we think you are very pretty. 2. Your writing is excellent.

C. M. K., (Rock Hill, S. C.) — The lines,

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land,"

are from Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

B. F. T., (Chicago, Ill.) — We should say King Alfred's rule was a fair one—eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep, eight hours' play. Do not forget the play—or recreation. You will not succeed pleasantly if you do not take care of the health of your brain by giving it a full period of agreeable occupation daily.

F. M. L., (Bush Hill, N. C.)—The legitimate descendant of Louis XVI. was Henri Cinq, who represents the house of Valois. The Orleans family represent the younger branch of the French Bourbons. It is improbable that monarchy of any kind will be restored in France at least during the present generation.

M. E. T., (Toland, Conn.)—The origin of the game of dominoes is unknown. It was understood by the ancient Greeks, Hebrews, and Chinese. It was revived in Italy about a hundred and fifty years ago, and soon spread through Germany to France, and so to this country, where, however, it has not taken a very strong hold.

L. W. W., (Thoroughfare, N. J.)—The mere rotation of a ball about its axis in still air would not produce any other motion. A paddle wheel could be so constructed, like the sails of some windmills, as to give by its rotation a force sufficient to propel a balloon, if there were engines light enough to be raised to furnish the power.

L. M. M., (Wheeling, Va.) —Paste gems are made of glass specially prepared, the composition generally being silica of a very pure quality, probably rock crystal, potash, and oxide of lead; but the exact proportions are varied almost by every maker, and each has a secret ingredient or two to add. These imitations are lighter and possess less brilliancy than the true gems, although they are so faultlessly made by some that no one but an expert can determine the sham from the rest.

H. B. A., (Brooklyn, N. Y.) — When a man attains his majority, and is in possession of a good trade or profession—such as will warrant his supporting a wife—he may then contemplate matrimony, and not before. From twenty-five to forty he is in full possession of manly vigor, and can bear the brunt of all difficulties thrown in his pathway through life. Consequently it would be best to marry between those ages, although many happy matches have been made when the above limits have been passed.

A. M., (New Haven, Conn.) —It is the varying qualities of the mind, or of the heart, or of both the mind and the heart combined, that make one man a gentleman and another man a snob. Some one has said that "nine times out of ten a man is what his education has made him." If that be true, we are forced to the conclusion that it depends upon the home training whether a boy becomes a snob or a gentleman; and yet we must acknowledge that some boys become snobs with much more facility than others, while it is equally true that other boys, with the same surroundings, take more easily to the character of a gentleman.

G. S., (Ford, Mich.)—The first of all important conditions of success in the life you desire to lead is strength—the very quality you do not possess. Moreover, the question you ask is of a kin with the inquiry whether a man can handle pitch without getting his hands dirty, or a child can play with fire without burning itself. Banish the silly idea; it is the outcome of a morbid and weak mind. Get to work in the business of making home and life happy. We have no patience with such silly crazes; as to being "good," do right—that is the way to be good. Throw sentiment to the winds, and do the day's duty honestly and honorably. Goodness consists in obedience, and obedience consists in doing right things at right times and in right ways.

M. L. C., (Solon, Iowa.)—It is not civil or sensible to stigmatize those from whom we differ in opinion as "mad." Your account of the matter shows ignorance of the facts, and we cannot therefore discuss the subject with you. Nor indeed would it be of any use to discuss it on the basis you lay down. The stand-point you take up is untenable. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," &c., is simply an affirmation of fact. No possible good could come of a discussion such as you would like to originate. The question has been argued both hotly and coolly by scores of learned men, and we do not suppose any one of the disputants ever convinced an opponent. Let us read the Scriptures for the help they are likely to give us in living sober and good lives. Do not let us worry each other by idle controversies which can have no useful end.